



THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS SACKVILLE,  
LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF DORSET:  
CONTAINING GORBODUC, AND INDUCTION  
AND LEGEND OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

THOMAS SACKVILLE DORSET





(15)

1580

152957

Poetry

The Poetical Works of Thomas  
Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and  
Earl of Dorset: Containing  
Gorboduc, and Induction and  
Legend of Henry, Duke of  
Buckingham  
Thomas Sackville Dorset



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
**THOMAS SACKVILLE,**  
LORD BUCKHURST AND EARL OF  
DORSET;  
CONTAINING  
*GORBODUC,*  
AND  
*INDUCTION AND LEGEND OF HENRY  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.*

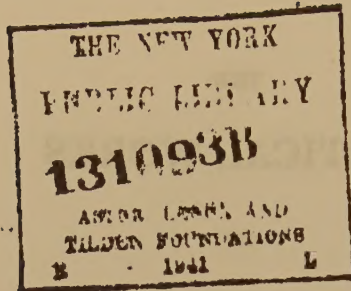
---

In vain I think, right honorable lord,  
By this rude rhyme, to memorize thy name,  
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record  
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame. *SPENCER.*

---

LONDON:  
C. CHAPPEL, 66. PALL MALL, BOOKSELLER TO  
THE PRINCE REGENT.

1820.



*W. M'Donnell, Printer, Pemberton Row,  
Gough Square.*



## **BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.**

---

**SACKVILLE** was the only son of Sir Richard Sackville, an eminent member of Queen Mary's council, and was born at Buckhurst, a principal seat of his ancient and illustrious family, in the parish of Withyam, in Sussex. He was second cousin to Queen Elizabeth, by his paternal grandmother, who was a Boleyn. The time of his birth is doubtful, some placing it in 1536-7, others as early as 1527. He studied, first at Oxford, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he appears to have taken the degree of Master of Arts: at both universities he was celebrated as a Latin and English poet. He next entered himself of the Inner Temple, and about the last year of Mary's reign, he served in parliament for the county of Westmoreland. But at this early period of life poetry had more charms for our author, than law or politics: and, following the bent of his genius, he first produced the tragedy of *Gorboduc*; and shortly afterwards, the *Induction and Legend of Henry Duke of Buckingham*.

On the accession of Elizabeth, he represented the county of Sussex; and in 1562 he was elected one of the members for Buckinghamshire. About this period he went abroad on his travels, and visited France,

Italy, and Rome, where he had been subject to a short imprisonment, "which troubles," says his eulogist (Dr. Abbott,) "was brought upon him by some who hated "him for his love to religion, and his duty to his sovereign:" or, as others assert, "for some imprudency "of a pecuniary nature." He came home upon the death of his father, in 1566.

On the 8th of June 1567, the Duke of Norfolk by the Queen's command, and in her presence, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood; and on the same day he was advanced by her to the degree of baron, by the style of Lord Buckhurst. The new peer immediately shone forth one of the brightest ornaments of the court: but, carried away by the ardor of his imagination, he plunged so deeply into the expensive pleasures of the age, as severely to injure his fortune. Timely reflection, however, added to the counsels of his royal kinswoman, cured him of the foibles of profusion; and he lived not only to retrieve, but to augment, his patrimony, to a vast amount.

In 1571 he was sent, as ambassador extraordinary, to Charles IX. of France, to congratulate him on his marriage, and in the following year sat on the trial of Henry Howard Duke of Norfolk.

In 1586 he was nominated a commissioner on the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In 1587 he went ambassador to the United Provinces, upon their complaint against the earl of Leicester; but, though he performed his trust with integrity, the favorite had sufficient influence to get him recalled: and on his return, he was ordered to confinement in his own house, for nine or



ten months. On Leicester's death, however, he was reinstated in royal favor, and was made knight of the garter in 1589, and chancellor of Oxford in 1591.

In 1599, the year after Burleigh's death, he became lord high treasurer of England. In 1601 he sat in the house of peers as lord high steward, upon the arraignment of Essex and Southampton for high treason.

At the demise of Queen Elizabeth, he was one of the privy counsellors on whom the administration of the kingdom devolved, and he concurred in proclaiming King James. The new sovereign confirmed him in the office of lord high treasurer by a patent for life, and on all occasions consulted him with confidence. In May 1608 he was created Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the council board, at Whitehall, on April 19, 1608, in consequence of a dropsey on the brain.

"Few ministers, as Lord Orford remarks, have left behind them so unblemished a character. His family considered his memory so inviolable, that when some partial aspersions were thrown upon it, after his death, they disdained to answer them. He carried taste and elegance even into his formal political functions; and, for his eloquence, was styled the bell of the star-chamber. As a poet, his attempt to unite allegory with heroic narrative, and his giving our language its earliest regular tragedy, evince the views and enterprise of no ordinary mind; but, though the Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates displays some potent sketches, it bears the complexion of a saturnine genius, and resembles a bold and gloomy landscape on which the sun never shines."

CAMPBELL.

In addition to the works already enumerated, we may collect from the following couplet, in Heywood's Metrical Preface to his *Thyestes*, that he had also composed some sonnets.

There Sackville's sonnets, sweetly sauste,  
And featly fined be.

But unfortunately only one of these has been transmitted to us. It is prefixed to Sir Thomas Hoby's translation of the *Courtier* of Count Baldessar Castilio, and is here subjoined as no inelegant relic of his pen.

These royal kings, that rear up to the sky  
Their palace tops, and deck them all with gold;  
With rare and curious works they feed the eye,  
And show what riches here great princes hold.  
A rarer work, and richer far in worth,  
Castilio's hand presenteth here to thee;  
No proud, ne golden court doth he set forth,  
But what in court a courtier ought to be.  
The prince he raiseth huge and mighty walls,  
Castilio frames a wight of noble fame;  
The king with gorgeous tissue clads his halls,  
The Count with golden virtue decks the same;  
Whose passing skill, lo, Hoby's pen displays,  
To Britain folk, a work of worthy praise.

A Latin epistle to Dr. Clerk, prefixed to his Latin translation of Castilio's *Courtier*, and some letters in the *Cabala*, and one in Howard's Collection, complete the whole of Sackville's works which are at present known to exist.

---

**GORBODUC,**

**OR**

**FERREX AND PORREX,**

**A TRAGEDY;**

**IN FIVE ACTS.**





## **OBSERVATIONS, &c.**

---

“ THE 18th January 1561, ought to be celebrated as the birth-day of the English drama; for it was on this day that Thomas Sackville caused to be represented at Whitehall, for the entertainment of Elizabeth and her court, the tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, otherwise called Gorboduc, the joint production of himself and Thomas Norton.”

“ The curiosity of the public respecting a drama which had been performed with general applause both at court, and before the society of the Inner Temple, encouraged its surreptitious appearance in print in 1565, and a second stolen edition was followed, some years after, by a corrected one published under the inspection of the authors themselves.”

Another edition was published in 1590, which bears internal evidence of having been reprinted from one of the spurious editions.

From this period till 1736, the tragedy appears to have reposed in oblivion, when, at the instigation of Mr. Pope, a new edition was published, with a preface written by Mr. Spence.

The spurious edition was intituled—

*The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three actes were*

wrytten by Thomas Nortone, and the two laste by Thomas Sackvyle. Sett forthe as the same was shewed before the queenes most excellent majestie in her highnes court of Whitehall, the 18 Jan. 1561. By the gentlemen of thynner Temple, in London. Sept. 22, 1565." Printed by William Griffith, at the sign of the Falcon, in Fleet-street. Quarto.

The authorized edition is printed in black letter, small octavo: it has no date, but it may be concluded from the advertisement to the reader, that it appeared in 1570, [1571, Warton]: it contains 31 leaves.

*The Tragidie of Ferrex and Porrex, set forth without addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was showed on stage before the queenes majestie, about nine yeares past, viz. the xviii. daie of Januarie, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Seen and allowed, &c. [according to the Queen's injunctions].—Imprinted at London, by John Daye, dwelling ouer Aldersgate."*

The edition of 1590 is also printed in black letter, and contains 28 leaves.

*The Tragedie of Gorboduc, whereof three actes were written by Thomas Norton, and the two last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forth as the same was showed before the queenes most excellent majestie, in her highnes court of Whitehall, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London. Printed by Edward Allde, for John Perrin; and are to be sold in*



*Pauls Church Yard, at the sign of the Angel.—*  
1590." Quarto.

There is no notation of pages in any one of these editions.

In the title page of the spurious edition of 1565, the first three acts are assigned to Norton: but it may reasonably be doubted, whether this apportionment be correct, especially since, in the preface to the authorized edition, it is only asserted, that the "tragedy was written by Thomas, now Lord Buckhurst, and by Thomas Norton." Norton's assistance in this play is disputed by the Historian of our Poetry; who observes, that—"The force of internal evidence often prevails over the authority of assertion, a testimony which is diminished by time, and may be rendered suspicious from a variety of other circumstances. Throughout the whole piece, there is an invariable uniformity of diction and versification. Sackville has two poems of considerable length, in the *Mirror of Magistrates*, which fortunately furnish us with the means of comparison: and every scene of *Gorboduc* is visibly marked with his characteristic manner, which consists in a perspicuity of style, and a command of numbers, superior to the tone of his times. Thomas Norton's poetry is of a very different and a subordinate cast."

---

"In the dramatic conduct of this tale, the unities of time and place are eminently and visibly violated; a

defect which Shakespeare so frequently commits, but which he covers by the magic of his poetry. The greater part of the long and eventful history detailed in the Argument, is included in the representation. But in a story so fertile of bloodshed, no murder is committed on the stage. It is worthy of remark, that the death of Porrex, in the bed-chamber, is only related. . . . . The writer has followed the series of facts related in the Chronicles, without any material variation or fictitious embarrassment, and with the addition only of a few necessary and obvious characters.

“ There is a CHORUS of four ancient and sage men of Britain, who regularly close every act, the last excepted, with an ode in long-lined stanzas, drawing back the attention of the audience to the substance of what has just passed, and illustrating it by recapitulatory moral reflections, and poetical or historical allusions.”

“ Every act is introduced, as was the custom in our old plays, with a piece of machinery called the DUMB SHOW, shadowing, by an allegorical exhibition, the matter that was immediately to follow. In the construction of this spectacle, and its personifications, much poetry and imagination was often displayed. It is some apology for these prefigurations, that they were commonly too mysterious and obscure, to forestal the future events with any degree of clearness and precision. Not that this mute mimicry was always typical of the ensuing incidents; it sometimes served for a compendious introduction of such circumstances as could not commodiously be comprehended within the bounds of the re-

presentation: it sometimes supplied deficiencies, and covered the want of business."

" That this tragedy was never a favorite among our ancestors, and has long fallen into general oblivion, is to be attributed to the nakedness and uninteresting nature of the plot, the tedious length of the speeches, the want of a discrimination of character, and almost a total absence of pathetic or critical situations."

" The general story of the play is, however, great in its political consequences; and the leading incidents are important, but not sufficiently intricate to awaken our curiosity, and hold us in suspense. Nothing is perplexed, and nothing unravelled. The opposition of interests is such as does not affect our nicer feelings. In the plot of a play, our pleasure arises in proportion as our expectation is excited.

" Yet it must be granted, that the language of Gorboduc has great purity and perspicuity; and that it is entirely free from tumid phraseology. Here, also, we perceive another and a strong reason why this play was never popular."

WARTON.

" Gorboduc is full of stately speeches and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of noble morality; which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

" That for tragedy, the Lord of Buckhurst, for such doings as I have seen of his, doth deserve the highest



price," is the commendation of PUTTENHAM, a contemporary writer, and able critic.

MR. POPE is of opinion—" That the writers of the succeeding age might have improved as much in other respects, by copying from him a propriety in the sentiments, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and in an easy flow of the numbers; in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected."

" Gorboduc was the earliest though faint draught of our regular tragedy. It did not, however, immediately supersede the taste for the allegorical moralities. Sackville even introduced dumb show in his tragedy to explain the piece, and he was not the last of the old dramatists who did so. One might conceive the explanation of allegory by real personages to be a natural complaisance to an audience; but there is something peculiarly ingenious in making allegory explain reality, and the dumb interpret for those who could speak. . . . . It may be doubted if the superiority of Gorboduc over the mysteries and moralities be half so great as its real distance from an affecting tragedy. It has no interesting plot, or impassioned dialogue; but it dignified the stage with moral reflection and stately measure. It first introduced blank verse instead of ballad rhymes in the drama."

CAMPBELL.

“ From the unrivalled force of imagination, the vigor and purity of diction, and the intimate knowledge and tasteful adaptation of the beauties of the Latin poets displayed in the contributions of Sackville to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, a lettered audience would conceive high expectations from his attempt in a new walk of poetry; but in the then barbarous state of our theatre, such a performance as *Gorboduc* must have been hailed as not only a novelty but a wonder. It was the first piece composed in English on the antient tragic model, with a regular division into five acts closed by lyric choruses.

“ It offered the first example of a story from British History completely dramatized, and represented with an attempt at theatrical illusion; for the earlier pieces published under the title of tragedies were either ballads or monologues, which might indeed be sung or recited, but were incapable of being acted. The plot of the play was fraught with those circumstances of the deepest horror by which the dormant sensibilities of an inexperienced audience require and delight to be awakened. An unwonted force of thought, and dignity of language, claimed the patience, if not the admiration, of the hearers, for the long political disquisitions by which the business of the piece was somewhat painfully retarded.”

AIKIN.”

The authorized edition of 1570 (from which this is printed) has been carefully collated with the quarto edition of 1590. The inaccuracies and defects of the former have generally been supplied from the latter.

In some few instances the reading of the quarto has been preferred; and in two or three passages, where both editions have agreed in unquestionable error, the evident words of the author have been restored. These variations from the authorized text will be carefully pointed out at the end of the play. In the list of various readings, those only have been selected where there exists a difference in words or in the construction of a verse. To have given more would have been adding a list of palpable inaccuracies and typographical blunders: it might indeed have displayed the diligence of the collator, have gratified the taste of the antiquary, but to the poetical reader it would have been jejune and superfluous.

The tragedy being better known to the modern reader under the title of Gorboduc, that name has been adopted in the present edition.

*Gorboduc was king of Britain about six hundred years before Christ.*



# **GORBODUC.**



## ***THE PRINTER TO THE READER.***

---

**WHERE** this tragedy was for furniture of part of the grand Christmas, in the Inner Temple, first written about nine years ago by the Right Honorable Thomas now Lord Buckhurst, and by Thomas Norton, and after showed before her Majesty, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one W.G.† getting a copy thereof at some youngian's hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great plague anno 1565, about five years past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton far out of London, and neither of them both made privy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: even as if by means of a broker for hire, he should have enticed into his house a fair maid and done her villany, and after all becratched her face, torn her apparel, bewrayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doors dishonested. In such plight after long wandering she came at length home to the sight of her friends, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and marks remaining. They, the authors I mean, though they were very much displeased that she so ran abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seeing the case as

† William Griffith, the printer of the spurious edition.



it is remediless, have for common honesty and shamefacedness new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such a form as she was before. In which better form since she hath come to me, I have harboured her for her friends' sake and her own; and I do not doubt her parents, the authors, will not now be discontent that she go abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest company. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat less ashamed of the dishonesty done to her, because it was by fraud and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently entertained, in favour of the house from whence she is descended, and of her own nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her friends will thank you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproached with her former mishap, or quarrelled at by envious persons, she, poor gentlewoman, will surely play Lucrece's part, and of herself die for shame, and I shall wish that she had tarried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did never put me to more charge, but this one poor black gown lined with white, that I have now given her to go abroad among you withal.

## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

---

*GORBODUC, King of Britain, divided his realm in his life-time to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex. The sons fell to dissention. The younger killed the elder. The mother, that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels; and afterwards, for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.*

## THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

---

GORBODUC, *King of GREAT BRITAIN.*

FERREX, *Elder son to King GORBODUC.*

PORREX, *Younger son to King GORBODUC.*

CLOTYN, *Duke of CORNWALL.*

FERGUS, *Duke of ALBANY.*

MANDUD, *Duke of LOEGRIS.*

GWENARD, *Duke of CUMBERLAND.*

EUBULUS, *Secretary to the King.*

AROSTUS, *a Counsellor to the King.*

DORDAN, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his elder son, FERREX.*

PHILANDEE, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his younger son, PORREX.*

*Both being of the old king's council before.*

HERMON, *a Parasite remaining with FERREX.*

TYNDAR, *a Parasite remaining with PORREX.*

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of the elder brother's death.*

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms.*

CHORUS, *four ancient and sage men of BRITAIN.*

VIDENA, *Queen, and wife to King GORBODUC.*

MARCELLA, *a Lady of the Queen's privy-chamber.*

# GORBODUC.

---

## ACT I.

### ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE

### DUMB SHOW.

*First, the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them pulled out one of the sticks, and brake it: and the rest plucking out all the other sticks, one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed, which being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain.— After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force,*



*but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befel upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy; and upon the dissension of the brethren, to whom it was divided.*

## SCENE I.

VIDENA and FERREY.

VID. THE silent night that brings the quiet pause,  
From painful travails of the weary day,  
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame  
The slow Aurora, that so for love of shame  
Doth long delay to show her blushing face,  
And now the day renews my grievful plaint.

FER. My gracious lady, and my mother dear,  
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind  
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

VID. So great a wrong and so unjust despite,  
Without all cause against all course of kind—

FER. Such causeless wrong and so unjust despite,  
May have redress, or, at the least, revenge.

VID. Neither, my son: such is the froward will,  
The person such, such my mishap and thine.

FER. Mine! know I none, but grief for your distress.

VID. Yes: mine for thine, my son. A father? no:

In kind a father, not in kindness.

FER. My Father? why, I know nothing at all,  
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace.

VID. Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me.  
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love  
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee;  
He grieved thereat, is not content alone,  
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,  
But thee, of thy birth-right and heritage,  
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,  
Against all law and right, he will bereave:  
Half of his kingdom he will give away.

FER. To whom?

VID. Even to Porrex, his younger son,  
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,  
That, being raised to equal rule with thee,  
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,  
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope;  
The end the gods do know, whose altars I  
Full oft have made in vain of cattle slain  
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's throne,  
For thee, my son, if things do so succeed,  
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore.

FER. Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me:  
Just hath my father been to every wight,  
His first injustice he will not extend  
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof:  
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.

VID. So grant the gods! But yet, thy father

Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,  
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail,  
For those have I assayed, but even this day  
He will endeavour to procure assent  
Of all his council to his fond device.

FER. Their ancestors from race to race have borne  
True faith to my forefathers and their seed:  
I trust they eke will bear the like to me.

VID. There resteth all. But if they fail thereof,  
And if the end bring forth an ill success,  
On them and their's the mischief shall befall.  
And so I pray the gods requite it them;  
And so they will, for so is wont to be,  
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,  
To please the present fancy of the prince,  
With wrong transpose the course of governance,  
Murders, mischief, or civil sword at length,  
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,  
When right succeeding line returns again,  
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,  
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,  
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

FER. Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

VID. The end! thy end I fear: Jove end me first!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, PHILANDER and  
EUBULUS.

GOR. My lords, whose grave advice and faithful aid  
Have long upheld my honor and my realm,  
And brought me to this age from tender years,  
Guiding so great estate with great renown:  
Now more importeth me, than erst, to use  
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign;  
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,  
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course  
Have certain prince, by whose undoubted right  
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay;  
And eke that they, whom nature hath prepared,  
In time to take my place in princely seat,  
While in their father's time their pliant youth  
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,  
May so be taught and trained in noble arts,  
As what their fathers, which have reigned before,  
Have with great fame derived down to them,  
With honor they may leave unto their seed;  
And not be thought, for their unworthy life,  
And for their lawless swerving out of kind,  
Worthy to lose what law and kind them gave;



But that they may preserve the common peace,  
 The cause that first began and still maintains  
 The lineal course of kings' inheritance,  
 For me, for mine, for you, and for the state  
 Whereof both I and you have charge and care.  
 Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith  
 To me and mine, and to your native land.  
 My lords, be plain without all wry respect,  
 Or poisonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,  
 Lest as the blame of ill-succeeding things  
 Shall light on you, so light the harms also.

AROS: Your good acceptance so, most noble king,  
 Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore  
 We have employ'd in duties to your grace,  
 And to this realm; whose worthy head you are,  
 Well proves, that neither you mistrust at all,  
 Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show  
 Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care  
 For you, for your's, and for our native land.  
 Wherefore, O king, I speak as one for all,  
 Sith all as one do bear you equal faith:  
 Doubt not to use our counsels and our aids,  
 Whose honors, goods, and lives are whole avowed,  
 To serve, to aid, and to defend your grace.

GOR. My lords, I thank you all. This is the case.  
 Ye know, the gods, who have the sovereign care,  
 For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weals,  
 Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,  
 Who now, in my decaying years, are grown  
 Well towards riper state of mind and strength,

To take in hand some greater princely charge.  
As yet they live and spend their hopeful days  
With me, and with their mother, here in court:  
Their age now asketh other place and trade,  
And mine also doth ask another change,  
Their's to more travail, mine to greater ease.  
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,  
My purpose is to leave unto them twain,  
The realm divided in two sundry parts:  
The one, Ferrex, mine elder son, shall have,  
The other, shall the younger, Porrex, rule.  
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,  
And eke that they may better rule their charge,  
I mean forthwith to place them in the same;  
That in my life they may both learn to rule,  
And I may joy to see their ruling well.  
This is, in sum, what I would have you weigh—  
First, whether ye allow my whole device,  
And think it good for me, for them, for you,  
And for our country, mother of us all:  
And if ye like it, and allow it well,  
Then, for their guiding and their governance,  
Show forth such means of circumstance,  
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.  
Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

AROS. And this is much, and asketh great advice:  
But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,  
This do I think. Your majesty doth know,  
How, under you, in justice and in peace,  
Great wealth and honor, long we have enjoyed;

So as we cannot seem with greedy minds  
To wish for change of prince or governance:  
But if we like your purpose and device,  
Our liking must be deemed to proceed  
Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,  
Not for ourselves, but for the common state,  
Sith our own state doth need no better change.  
I think in all, as erst your grace hath said—  
First, when you shall unload your aged mind  
Of heavy care and troubles manifold,  
And lay the same upon my lords, your sons,  
Whose growing years may bear the burden long,  
And long I pray the gods to grant it so:  
And in your life, while you shall so behold  
Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,  
Such as their kind behighteth to us all,  
Great be the profits that shall grow thereof;  
Your age in quiet shall the longer last,  
Your lasting age shall be their longer stay.  
For cares of kings, that rule as you have ruled,  
For public wealth, and not for private joy,  
Do waste man's life and hasten crooked age,  
With furrowed face, and with enfeebled limbs,  
To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.  
They two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign  
With greater ease than one, now old, alone  
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is  
With lessened strength the double weight to bear.  
Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard  
Of father, yea, of such a father's name,

Now at beginning of their sundred reign,  
When is the hazard of their whole success,  
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,  
And so restrain the rage of insolence,  
Which most assails the young and noble minds,  
And so shall guide and train in tempered stay  
Their yet green bending wits with reverend awe,  
As now inured with virtues at the first,  
Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness,  
By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate.  
But if you so dispose it, that the day,  
Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,  
Great is the peril, what will be the end,  
When such beginning of such liberties,  
Void of such stays as in your life do lie,  
Shall leave them free to randon of their will,  
An open prey to traiterous flattery,  
The greatest pestilence of noble youth:  
Which peril shall be past, if in your life,  
Their tempered youth with aged father's awe  
Be brought in ure of skilful stayedness,  
And in your life, their lives disposed so  
Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.  
Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,  
And that your tender care of common weal  
Hath bred this thought, so to divide your land,  
And plant your sons to bear the present rule,  
While you yet live to see their ruling well,  
That you may longer live by joy therein.  
What further means behooveful are and meet,



At greater leisure may your grace devise,  
When all have said, and when we be agreed  
If this be best, to part the realm in twain,  
And place your sons in present government.  
Whereof, as I have plainly said my mind,  
So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

PATR. In part I think as hath been said before;  
In part, again, my mind is otherwise.  
As for dividing of this realm in twain,  
And lotting out the same in equal parts  
To either of my lords, your grace's sons,  
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,  
For profit and advancement of your sons,  
And for your comfort and your honor eke:  
But so to place them while your life do last,  
To yield to them your royal governance,  
To be above them only in the name  
Of father, not in kingly state also,  
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.  
This kingdom, since the bloody civil field  
Where Morgan slain did yield his conquered part  
Unto his cousin's sword in Cumberland,  
Containeth all that whilom did suffice  
Three noble sons of your forefather, Brute;  
So your two sons it may suffice also,  
The more the stronger, if they gree in one.  
The smaller compass that the realm doth hold,  
The easier is the sway thereof to wield,  
The nearer justice to the wronged poor,  
The smaller charge, and yet enough for one.

And when the region is divided so  
That brethren be the lords of either part,  
Such strength doth nature knit between them both,  
In sundry bodies by conjoined love,  
That, not as two, but one of doubled force,  
Each is to other as a sure defence:  
The nobleness and glory of the one  
Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind,  
With virtuous envy to contend for praise.  
And such an equalness hath nature made  
Between the brethren of one father's seed,  
As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,  
To throw the brother subject under feet  
Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind;  
And Nature, that did make this equalness,  
Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,  
That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief  
In younger brethren at the elder's state:  
Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,  
And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed:  
The brother, that should be the brother's aid,  
And have a wakeful care for his defence,  
Gapes for his death, and blames the lingering years  
That draw not forth his end with faster course;  
And, oft impatient of so long delays,  
With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,  
And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,  
With endless vengeance on his stock for aye:  
Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal,  
If equal state may nourish equal love.

Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.  
But now the head to stoop beneath them both,  
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.  
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course  
Hath been perverted in disordered wise,  
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,  
The children cease to know they should obey;  
And often over kindly tenderness  
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.  
I speak not this in envy or reproach,  
As if I grudged the glory of your sons,  
Whose honor I beseech the gods increase;  
Nor yet as if I thought there did remain  
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,  
Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)  
Undoubted children of so good a king;  
Only I mean to show by certain rules,  
Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,  
That Nature hath her order and her course,  
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state  
Of minds and things, even in the best of all.  
My lords, your sons, may learn to rule of you,  
Your own example in your noble court  
Is fittest guider of their youthful years.  
If you desire to see some present joy  
By sight of their well ruling in your life,  
See them obey, so shall you see them rule;  
Who so obeyeth not with humbleness  
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.  
Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods,

But long may they learn, ere they begin to rule.  
If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish  
Them aged princes, and immortal kings:  
Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent  
Between your sons that you divide your realm,  
And as in kind, so match them in degree.  
But while the gods prolong your royal life,  
Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,  
And therefore have the gods so long forborne  
To join you to themselves, that still you might  
Be prince and father of our common weal:  
They, when they see your children ripe to rule,  
Will make them room, and will remove you hence,  
That your's, in right ensuing of your life,  
May rightly honor your immortal name.

EUB. Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts  
Makes me, O king, the bolder to presume  
To speak what I conceive within my breast,  
Although the same do not agree at all  
With that which other here my lords have said,  
Nor which yourself have seemed best to like.  
Pardon I crave, and that my words be deemed  
To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,  
And to the safety of your common weal.  
To part your realm unto my lords, your sons,  
I think not good for you, ne yet for them,  
But worst of all for this our native land;  
Within one land, one single rule is best:  
Divided reigns do make divided hearts,  
But peace preserves the country and the prince.



Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,  
So great is his desire to climb aloft,  
In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,  
That faith and justice, and all kindly love,  
Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,  
Where equal state doth raise an equal hope  
To win the thing that either would attain.  
Your grace remembereth how in passed years,  
The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,  
Possessed the same, and ruled it well in one;  
He, thinking that the compass did suffice  
For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,  
Cut it in three, as you would now in twain:  
But how much British blood hath since been spilt,  
To join again the sundered unity!  
What princes slain before their timely hour!  
What waste of towns and people in the land!  
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoils!  
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,  
Ruthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.  
The gods forbid the like to chance again!  
And you, O king, give not the cause thereof.  
My lord Ferrex, your elder son, perhaps  
(Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope  
To be your heir, and to succeed your reign)  
Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong  
Than he perchance will bear, if power serve:  
Porrex, the younger, so upraised in state,  
Perhaps in courage will be raised also.  
If flattery then, which fails not to assail

The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,  
In one shall kindle and increase disdain,  
And envy in the other's heart inflame,  
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,  
And ruthless ruin shall destroy them both.  
I wish not this, O king, so to befall,  
But fear the thing, that I do most abhor.  
Give no beginning to so dreadful end,  
Keep them in order and obedience,  
And let them both by now obeying you,  
Learn such behaviour as becoms their state;  
The elder—mildness in his governance,  
The younger—a yielding contentedness:  
And keep them near unto your presence still,  
That they, restrained by the awe of you,  
May live in compass of well tempered stay,  
And pass the perils of their youthful years.  
Your aged life draws on to feebler time,  
Wherein you shall less able be to bear  
The travails that in youth you have sustained,  
Both in your person's and your realm's defence.  
If planting now your sons in further parts,  
You send them further from your present reach,  
Less shall you know how they themselves demean:  
Traiterous corruptors of their pliant youth  
Shall have unsupied a much more free access;  
And if ambition and inflamed disdain  
Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,  
To civil war, or to usurping pride,  
Late shall you rue that you ne recked before.

Good is I grant of all to hope the best,  
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.  
So trust the one that the other be foreseen.  
Arm not unskillfulness with princely power.  
But you that long have wisely ruled the reins  
Of royalty within your noble realm,  
So hold them, while the gods, for our avails,  
Shall stretch the thread of your prolonged days.  
Too soon he clomb into the flaming car,  
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.  
Time, and example of your noble grace,  
Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule.  
When time hath taught them, time shall make them  
place—

The place that now is full ; and so I pray  
Long it remain, to comfort of us all !

GOR. I take your faithful hearts in thankful part ;  
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,  
To fear the nature of my loving sons,  
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain  
Can there work hate, where nature planteth love,  
In one self purpose do I still abide.  
My love extendeth equally to both,  
My land sufficeth for them both also.  
Humber shall part the marches of their realms :  
The southern part the elder shall possess,  
The northern shall Porrex, the younger, rule.  
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,  
Free from the travail, and the painful cares,  
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.

But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear,  
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,  
And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,  
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,  
Or to neglecting of their careful charge  
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,  
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,  
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,  
To tread down truth, or favor false deceit,  
I mean to join to either of my sons,  
Some one of those, whose long approved faith  
And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart,  
That mingling fraud shall find no way to creep  
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.  
This is the end, and so I pray you all  
To bear my sons the love and loyalty  
That I have found within your faithful breasts.

ANOS. You, nor your sons, our sovereign lord, shall  
want

Our faith and service, while our hearts do last.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CHORUS.*

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne,  
In stedfast place, by known and doubtless right;  
And chiefly when descent on one alone  
Makes single and unparted reign to light;  
Each change of course unjoins the whole estate,  
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.



The strength that knit by fast accord in one,  
Against all foreign power of mighty foes,  
Could of itself defend itself alone,  
Disjoined once, the former force doth lose.  
The sticks, that sundered brake so soon in twain,  
In fagot bound attempted were in vain.

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye  
Of erring parents in their children's love,  
Destroys the wrongly loved child thereby.  
This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,  
Who, rashly set in chariot of his sire,  
Inflamed the parched earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king that doth divide his land,  
And change the course of his descending crown,  
And yields the reign into his children's hand,  
From blissful state of joy and great renown,  
A mirror shall become to princes all—  
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

### ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE

### DUMB SHOW.

*First, the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open,*

*ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befel in the two brethren, Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.*

## SCENE I.

FERREX, HERMON, and DORMAN.

FER. I MARVEL much what reason led the king,  
My father, thus, without all my desert,  
To reave me half the kingdom, which by course  
Of law and nature should remain to me.

HER. If you with stubborn and untamed pride  
Had stood against him in rebelling wise;  
Or if, with grudging mind, you had envied  
So slow a sliding of his aged years;  
Or sought before your time to haste the course  
Of fatal death upon his royal head;  
Or stained your stock with murder of your kin;  
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemed  
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

**FER.** The wreakful gods pour on my curst head  
 Eternal plagues and never dying woes!  
 The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost  
 To Tantalus' thirst, or proud Ixion's wheel;  
 Or cruel Gripe to gnaw my growing heart,  
 To during torments and unquenched flames,  
 If ever I conceived so foul a thought,  
 To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

**DON.** Ne yet your father, O most noble prince,  
 Did ever think so foul a thing of you;  
 For he, with more than father's tender love,  
 While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,  
 (Who long might live to see your ruling well)  
 To you, my lord, and to his other son,  
 Lo! he resigns his realm and royalty;  
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,  
 If he had once misdeemed that in your heart  
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.  
 But tender love, my lord, and settled trust  
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,  
 Made him to place you thus in royal throne,  
 And now to give you half his realm to guide,  
 Yea, and that half which, in abounding store  
 Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm—  
 In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,  
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,  
 In things of needful use, which friendly sea  
 Transports by traffic from the foreign parts,  
 In flowing wealth, in honor, and in force,  
 Doth pass the double value of the part



That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.  
Such is your case, such is your father's love.

FER. Ah! love, my friends—Love wrongs not whom  
he loves.

DOR. Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you  
So large a reign, ere that the course of time  
Bring you to kingdom by descended right,  
Which time perhaps might end your time before.

FER. Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me  
My native right of half so great a realm,  
And thus to match his younger son with me  
In equal power, and in as great degree?  
Yea, and what son! The son whose swelling pride  
Would never yield one point of reverence,  
When I the elder and apparent heir  
Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;  
Yea, and that son which from his childish age  
Envieth mine honor, and doth hate my life.  
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,  
The mindful malice of his grudging heart  
Is armed with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

HER. Was this not wrong—yea, ill advised wrong,  
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword;  
To so great peril of so great mishap,  
Wide open thus to set so large a way?

DOR. Alas, ny lord, what grievful thing is this,  
That of your brother you can think so ill?  
I never saw him utter likely sign,  
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem  
Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride.

Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end;  
That raising such mistrustful fear in you,  
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,  
Travail by treason to destroy you both.  
Wise is your hatred and of noble hope,  
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm.  
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,  
Whose strength is your strength if you gree in one.

HER. If Nature and the Gods had pinched so  
Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts  
Of princely qualities, from you, my lord,  
And poured them all at once in wasteful wise  
Upon your father's younger son alone;  
Perhaps there be that in your prejudice  
Would say that birth should yield to worthiness:  
But sith in each good gift and princely art  
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all—  
In mildness and in sober governance,  
Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you  
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness  
To wield the whole, and match your elders' praise;  
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,  
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss:  
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong,  
Be deemed cowardice and simple dread:  
Which shall give courage to the fiery head  
Of your young brother to invade the whole.  
While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind  
The loathed wrong of your disinheritance,

And ere your brother have, by settled power,  
By guileful cloak of an alluring show,  
Got him some force and favor in the realm;  
And while the noble queen, your mother, lives,  
To work and practice all for your avail,  
Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself  
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss;  
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,  
In your own kingdom triumphs over you.  
Show now your courage meet for kingly state,  
That they which have avowed to spend their goods,  
Their lands, their lives and honors in your cause,  
May be the bolder to maintain your part,  
When they do see that coward fear in you  
Shall not betray, ne fail their faithful hearts.  
If once the death of Portex end the strife,  
And pay the price of his usurped reign,  
Your mother shall persuade the angry king,  
The lords, your friends, eke shall appease his rage.  
For they be wise, and well they can foresee,  
That ere long time your aged father's death  
Will bring a time when you shall well requite  
Their friendly favor, or their hateful spite;  
Yea, or their slackness to advance your cause.  
" Wise men do not so hang on passing state  
" Of present princes, chiefly in their age,  
" But they will further cast their reaching eye  
" To view and weigh the times and reigns to come.  
Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,

That he yet will, or that the sealan will bear,  
Extreme revenge upon his only son;  
Or, if he would, what one is he that dare  
Be minister to such an enterprise?  
And here you be now placed in your own,  
Amid your friends, your vassals, and your strength;  
We shall defend and keep your person safe,  
Till either counsel turn his tender mind,  
Or age or sorrow end his weary days.  
But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge  
Of nature's law, repining at the fact,  
Withhold your courage from so great attempt—  
Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law:  
The gods do bear, and well allow in kings,  
The things that they abhor in rascal routs.  
“ When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,  
“ And then in cruel and unkindly wise,  
“ Command thefts, rapes, murder of innocents,  
“ The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms,  
“ Think you such princes do suppose themselves  
“ Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?  
Murders and violent thefts in private men  
Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;  
Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name  
Of noble conquests—in the hands of kings.  
But if you like not yet so hot device,  
Ne list to take such vantage of the time,  
But though with peril of your own estate,  
You will not be the first that shall invade,



Assemble yet your force for your defence,  
And for your safety stand upon your guard.

DOR. O heaven! was there ever heard or known,  
So wicked counsel to a noble prince?  
Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace  
This heinous tale, what mischief it contains—  
Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,  
Your present murder, and eternal shame.  
Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink  
So high a treason in your princely breast.

FER. The mighty gods forbid that ever I  
Should once conceive such mischief in my heart!  
Although my brother hath bereft my realm,  
And bear, perhaps, to me an hateful mind,  
Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?  
Or shall I so destroy my father's life  
That gave me life? The gods forbid! I say:  
Cease you to speak so any more to me;  
Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat  
So foul a tale. In silence let it die.  
What lord or subject shall have hope at all,  
That under me they safely shall enjoy  
Their goods, their honors, lands, and liberties,  
With whom, neither one only brother dear,  
Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?  
But, sith I fear my younger brother's rage,  
And sith, perhaps, some other man may give  
Some like advice, to move his grudging head  
At mine estate; which counsel may perchance

Take greater force with him, than this with me,  
I will in secret so prepare myself,  
As, if his malice or his lust to reign  
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,  
I may withstand his rage and keep mine own.

[*Exeunt FERREX and HERMON.*]

DON. I fear the fatal time now draweth on,  
When civil hate shall end the noble line  
Of famous Brute, and of his royal seed.  
Great Jove, defend the mischiefs now at hand!  
O that the secretary's wise advice  
Had erst been heard, when he besought the king  
Not to divide his land, nor send his sons  
To further parts, from presence of his court,  
Ne yet to yield to them his governance.  
Lo, such are they now in the royal throne  
As was rash Phaeton in Phœbus' car;  
Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame  
With wilder random through the kindled skies,  
Than traiterous counsel now will whirl about  
The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.  
But I hereof their father will inform;  
The reverence of him perhaps shall stay  
The growing mischiefs, while they yet are green.  
If this help not, then woe unto themselves,  
The prince, the people, the divided land! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

PORREX, TYNDAR, *and* PHILANDER.

POR. And is it thus? and doth he so prepare  
Against his brother as his mortal foe?  
And now, while yet his aged father lives?  
Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?  
War would he have?—and he shall have it so.

TYN. I saw, myself, the great prepared store  
Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there:  
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,  
Without the ground of seen and searched truth.  
Lo, secret quarrels run about his court,  
To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.  
Each man, almost, can now debate the cause,  
And ask a reason of so great a wrong,  
Why he, so noble and so wise a prince,  
Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage?  
And why the king, misled by crafty means,  
Divided thus his land from course of right?  
The wiser sort hold down their grievous heads;  
Each man withdraws from talk and company  
Of those that have been known to favor you.  
To hide the mischief of their meaning there,

Rumors are spread of your preparing here.  
The rascal numbers of unskilful sort  
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and your's.  
In secret, I was counselled by my friends  
To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,  
Letters from those, that both can truly tell,  
And would not write unless they knew it well.

PHIL. My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,  
Send to your brother, to demand the cause.  
Perhaps some traiterous tales have filled his ears  
With false reports against your noble grace;  
Which, once disclosed, shall end the growing strife,  
That else, not staid with wise foresight in time,  
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives.  
Send to your father eke, he shall appease  
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

POR. Rid me of fear! I fear him not at all:  
~~We~~ will to him, ne to my father send.  
If danger were for one to tarry there,  
Think ye it safety to return again?  
In mischief, such as Ferrex now intends,  
The wonted courteous laws to messengers  
Are not observed, which in just war they use.  
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?  
Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,  
That have disclosed his treason unto me?  
Let him entreat that fears; I fear him not.  
Or shall I to the king, my father, send?  
Yea, and send now, while such a mother lives.

That loves my brother, and that hateth me?  
 Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,  
 To Ferrex to oppress me all unware?  
 I will not; but I will invade his realm,  
 And seek the traitor prince within his court.  
 Mischief for mischief is a due reward.  
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price  
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.  
 Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,  
 And hold my yielden throat to traitor's knife?  
 While I, with valiant mind and conquering force,  
 Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?  
 Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,  
 Then to the king, my father, will I send.  
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:  
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

[*Exeunt FERREX and TYNDAR.*]

PHIL. Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings,  
 The father's death, the ruin of their realms.  
 " O most unhappy state of counsellors,  
 " That light on so unhappy lords and times,  
 " That neither can their good advice be heard,  
 " Yet must they bear the blames of ill success!  
 But I will to the king, their father, haste,  
 Ere this mischief come to the likely end;  
 That, if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods  
 (Since mighty Iliön's fall not yet appeased  
 With these poor remnants of the Trojan name)  
 Have not determined by unmoved fate,



Out of this realm to raze the British line,  
By good advice, by awe of father's name,  
By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate  
May yet be quenched ere it consume us all. [Exit.

*Enter CHORUS.*

When youth, not bridled with a guiding stay,  
Is left to random of their own delight,  
And wields whole realms by force of sovereign sway,  
Great is the danger of unmastered might,  
Lest skillless rage throw down, with headlong fall,  
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,  
And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,  
Oh! hardly may the peril be repressed.  
Ne fear of angry gods, ne lawes kind,  
Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,  
When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foresight will neglect the rede  
Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales  
That do their fancies' noisome humor feed,  
Ne reason nor regard of right avails.  
Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach, too late,  
To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermineth  
The love of brethren, to destroy them both.  
Woe to the prince, that pliant ear inclines,  
And yields his mind to poisonous tale that floweth  
From flattering mouth; and woe to wretched land,  
That wastes itself with civil sword in hand.

Lo, thus it is, poison in geld to take,  
And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

END OF ACT II.

# ACT III.

## ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE

### DUMB SHOW.

*First, the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage, a company of mourners, all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissention of brethren, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed and then the music ceased.*

## SCENE I

GORBODUC, EUBULUS, and AROSTUS.

GOR. O CRUEL fates, O mindful wrath of gods,  
Whose vengeance, neither Simois' stained streams  
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,  
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses dead  
Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease;  
Ne slaughter of unhappy Priam's race,  
Nor Ilium's fall, made level with the soil,  
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage  
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas  
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troy.  
" Oh no man happy till his end be seen!  
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy  
In present years might make a happy wight,  
Happy was Hecuba, the wofullest wretch  
That ever lived to make a mirror of,  
And happy Priam, with his noble sons;  
And happy I, till now, alas! I see  
And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.  
Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;  
Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,  
If timely speed provide not hasty help.  
Yet, O ye gods, if ever woful king

Might move ye, kings of kings, wreak it on me  
And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm!  
Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies;  
To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.  
Read, read my lords: this is the matter why  
I called ye now, to have your good advice.

*The letter from DORDAN, the Counsellor of the  
elder Prince.*

EURULUS readeth the letter.

My sovereign lord, what I am loath to write,  
But loathest am to see, that I am forced  
By letters now to make you understand.  
My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled  
By traitorous fraud of young untempered wits,  
Assembleth force against your younger son,  
Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat  
And furious pangs of his inflamed head.  
Disdain, saith he, of his disheritance  
Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong,  
With civil sword upon his brother's life.  
If present help do not restrain this rage,  
This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

*Your Majesty's faithful,  
and most humble subject,*

DORDAN.



ARON. O king, appease your grief, and stay your  
 plaint;

Great is the matter, and a woful case:  
 But timely knowledge may bring timely help.  
 Send for them both unto your presence here:  
 The reverence of your honor, age, and state,  
 Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,  
 Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.  
 And if in either of my lords, your sons,  
 Be such untamed and unyielding pride,  
 As will not bend unto your noble heats—  
 If Ferrex, the elder son, can bear no peer,  
 Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more  
 Than you him gave above his native right,  
 Join with the juster side, so shall you force  
 Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.

EUN. What meaneth this? Lo, yonder comes in  
 haste  
 Philander from my lord, your younger son.

*Enter PHILANDER.*

GOR. The gods send joyful news!

PHIL. The mighty Jove  
 Preserve your majesty, O noble king!

GOR. Philander, welcome: but how doth my son?

PHIL. Your son, sir, lives, and healthy I him left.  
 But yet, O king, the want of lustful health

Could not be half so grievful to your grace,  
As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

GOR. O heavens! yet more? no end of woes to me?

PHIL. Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court  
Of Ferrex, to my lord your younger son,  
And made report of great prepared store  
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant  
Against Porrex, for high disdain that he  
Lives now a king, and equal in degree  
With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,  
As by due title of descending right.  
Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,  
Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,  
Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,  
That he in haste prepareth to invade  
His brother's land, and with unkindly war  
Threatens the murder of your elder son:  
Ne could I him persuade that first he should  
Send to his brother to demand the cause,  
Nor yet to you to stay this hateful strife.  
Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard,  
I come myself now to inform your grace,  
And to beseech you, as you love the life  
And safety of your children and your realm,  
Now to employ your wisdom and your force  
To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

GOR. Are they in arms? would he not send to me?  
Is this the honor of a father's name?  
In vain we travail to assuage their minds,

As if their hearts—whom neither brother's love,  
Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares, can move,  
Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat.  
Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line!  
For though perhaps fear of such mighty force  
As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,  
May yet repress, shall repress their present heat,  
The secret grudge and malice will remain,  
The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint,  
Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame.  
Their death and mine must cease the angry gods.

PHIL. Yield not, O king, so much to weak despair—  
Your sons yet live, and long, I trust, they shall.  
If fates had taken you from earthly life,  
Before beginning of this civil strife,  
Perhaps your sons in their unmastered youth,  
Loose from regard of any living wight,  
Would run on headlong, with unbridled race,  
To their own death, and ruin of this realm.  
But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,  
Of things and times dispose the order so,  
That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,  
While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power,  
May stay the growing mischief, and repress  
The fiery blaze of their enkindled heat;  
It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,  
That loving Jove hath tempered so the time  
Of this debate to happen in your days,  
That you yet living may the same appease.

And add it to the glory of your age,  
 And they your sons may learn to live in peace.  
 Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all,  
 Lest, by your wailful plaints, your hastened death  
 Yield larger room unto their growing rage:  
 Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.  
 And if your highness herein list to use  
 Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid—  
 Lo! we, our persons, powers, and lives are your's;  
 Use us till death, O king, we are your own.

EUB. Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen,  
 When you, O king, did first divide your land,  
 And yield your present reign unto your sons.  
 But now, O noble prince! now is no time  
 To wail and plain, and waste your woful life;  
 Now is the time for present good advice.  
 Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit:  
 “ The heart unbroken, and the courage free  
 “ From feeble faintness of bootless despair,  
 “ Doth either rise to safety or renown,  
 “ By noble valour of unvanquished mind,  
 “ Or yet doth perish in more happy sort.  
 Your grace may send to either of your sons  
 Some one both wise and noble personage,  
 Which with good counsel, and with weighty name  
 Of father, shall present before their eyes  
 Your hest, your life, your safety, and their own;  
 The present mischief of their deadly strife.  
 And in the while, assemble you the force

Which your commandment and the speedy haste  
Of all my lords here present can prepare.  
The terror of your mighty power shall stay  
The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

*Enter NUNTIUS.*

NUN. O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did  
hear,  
That ever woful messenger did tell,  
That ever wretched land hath seen before;  
I bring to you! Porrex your younger son  
With sudden force invaded hath the land  
That you to Ferrex did allot to rule;  
And with his own most bloody hand he hath  
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

GOR. O heavens, send down the flames of your re-  
venge!  
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire  
The traitor son, and then the wretched sire.  
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may  
Die with revenge, and please the hateful gods.

*[Exeunt.]*

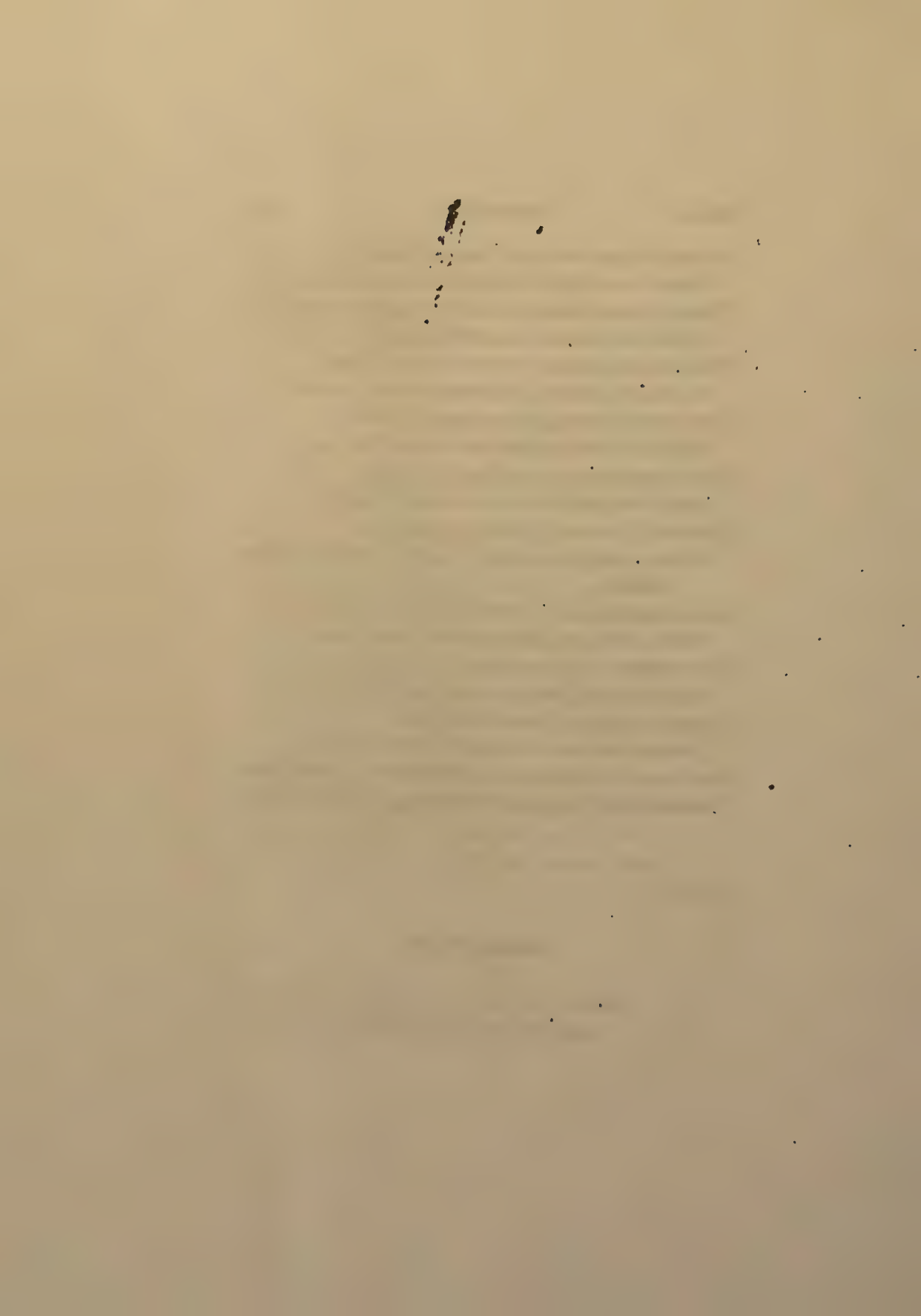
*Enter Chorus.*

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,  
No rule of reason, no regard of right,



No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath;  
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,  
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways,  
To fatal sceptre and accursed reign.  
The son so loathes the father's lingering days,  
He dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain!  
O wretched prince, he dost thou yet record  
The yet fresh murders done within the land  
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword  
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand?  
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,  
Whose murderous hand embrued with guiltless  
blood  
Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face,  
With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.  
The wicked child thus brings to woful sire  
The mournful plants to waste his very life.  
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire  
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife.  
And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow  
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints, and woe.

END OF ACT III.



## ACT IV.

ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE

DUMB SHOW.

*First, the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came forth from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand: each driving before them a king and a queen; which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyses, Agave; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased: hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow, that is to say, Perreux slain by his own mother; and of king Gorboduc and queen Videna, killed by their own subjects.*

## SCENE I.

*VIDENA sola.*

VRD. WHY should I live, and linger forth my time  
In longer life to double my distress?  
O me, most woful wight! whom no mishap  
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.  
Might not these hands, by fortune or by fate,  
Have pierced this breast, and life with iron rest?  
Or in this palace here, where I so long  
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour  
Once, once have hapt, in which these hugie frames  
With death, by fall, might have oppressed me?  
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,  
So oft where I have prest my wretched steps,  
Sometime had ruth of mine accursed life,  
To rend in twain, and swallow me therein?  
So had my bones possessed now in peace  
Their happy grave within the closed ground,  
And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart  
Without my feeling pain: so should not now  
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb,  
Wherein my heart yelden to death is graved;  
Nor dreary thoughts, with pangs of pining grief,  
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.

O my beloved son! O my sweet child,  
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight!  
Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,  
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,  
Murdered with cruel death? O hateful wretch,  
O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!  
Thou, Porrex, thou this damned deed hath wrought,  
Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye the same.  
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,  
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself!  
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak their wrath,  
And here in earth this hand shall take revenge  
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitiff wight.  
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,  
And murderous mind had so possessed thee,  
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint  
Lived in thy breast; that nothing else could like  
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:  
Wild savage beasts—might not their slaughter serve  
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst  
Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands  
With blood deserved, and drink thereof thy fill?  
Or if nought else but death and blood of man  
Might please thy lust, could none in Britain land,  
Whose heart betorn out of his panting breast  
With thine own hand, or work what death thou would'st,  
Suffice to make a sacrifice to please  
That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee,  
But he who in the self same womb was wrapped,  
Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?



Or if needs, needs thy hand must slaughter make,  
Mightest thou not have reached a mortal wound,  
And with thy sword have pierced this cursed womb  
That thee, accursed Porrex, brought to light,  
And given me a just reward therefore?  
So Ferrex yet sweet life might have enjoyed,  
And to his aged father comfort brought,  
With some young son in whom they both might live.  
But whereunto waste I this ruthless speech,  
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?  
Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?  
That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?  
No, traitor, no; I thee refuse for mine:  
Murderer, I thee renounce; thou art not mine.  
Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee;  
Nor never bode I painful throws for thee.  
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,  
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew.  
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work!  
Thou never suckt the milk of woman's breast;  
But, from thy birth, the cruel tiger's teats  
Have nursed thee; nor yet of flesh and blood  
Formed is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;  
And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.  
But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge?  
Or that these hands will not be broke on thee?  
Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,  
That loved him more dearly than herself?  
And doth she live, and is not venged on thee!

## SCENE II

*GORBODUC, and AROSUS.*

GOR. We marvel much, whereto this lingering stay  
Falls out so long: Porrex unto our court,  
By order of our letters, is returned;  
And Eubulus received from us by hest,  
At his arrival here, to give him charge  
Before our presence straight to make repair,  
And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

AROS. Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with him.

*Enter EUBULUS and PORREX.*

EUB. According to your highness' hest to me,  
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort  
As from his wearied horse he did alight,  
For that your grace did will such haste therein.

GOR. We like and praise this speedy will in you,  
To work the thing that to your charge we gave.  
Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,  
And from those bounds which law of nature sets,  
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,  
In cruel murder of thy brother's life,

Our present hand could stay no longer time,  
But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,  
As just revenge of thy detested crime.  
No! we should not offend the law of kind,  
If now this sword of our's did slay thee here:  
For thou hast murdered him, whose heinous death  
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge,  
By blood again; and justice forceth us  
To measure death for death, thy due desert.  
Yet sithens thou art our child, and sith as yet,  
In this hard case what word thou canst allege  
For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,  
We are content to stay our will for that  
Which justice bids us presently to work,  
And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,  
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Poa. Neither, O king, I can or will deny  
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft:  
Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail!  
Oh! would it might as full appear to sight,  
As inward grief doth pour it forth to me!  
So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthless heart  
Melting in tears within a manly breast,  
Through deep repentance of his bloody fact;  
If ever grief, if ever woful man  
Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,  
I think the torment of my mournful case,  
Known to your grace, as I do feel the same,  
Would force even Wrath herself to pity me.  
But as the water, troubled with the mud,

Shows not the face which else the eye should see ;  
Even so your ireful mind with stirred thought,  
Can not so perfectly discern my cause.  
But this unhap, amongst so many haps,  
I must content me with, most wretched man,  
That to myself I must reserve my woe,  
In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact!  
Since I may not show here my smallest grief,  
Such as it is, and as my breast endures,  
Which I esteem the greatest misery  
Of all mishaps that fortune now can send:  
Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears  
To purchase life—for to the gods I clepe  
For true record of this my faithful speech—  
Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread  
To die the death that by your grace's doom,  
By just desert, shall be pronounced to me:  
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech,  
Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.  
I mean not this as though I were not touched  
With care of dreadful death, or that I held  
Life in contempt: but that I know the mind  
Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail.  
And for my guilt—I yield the same so great  
As in myself I find a fear to sue  
For grant of life.

Gon. In vain, O wretch, thou showest  
A woful heart; Ferrex now lies in grave,  
Slain by thy hand.

Pon. Yet this, O father, hear!

And then I said. Your majesty well knows,  
 That when my brother Ferrek and myself  
 By your own heat were joined in government  
 Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,  
 I never sought nor travailed for the same;  
 Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,  
 But from your highness' will alone it sprung,  
 Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.  
 But how my brother's heart even then repaid  
 With swollen disdain against mine equal rule,  
 Seeing that realm, which by descent should grow  
 Wholly to him, allotted half to me?  
 Even in your highness' court he now remains,  
 And with my brother then in nearest place,  
 Who can record what proof thereof was showed,  
 And how my brother's envious heart appeared.  
 Yet I that judged it my part to seek  
 His favor and good will, and loath to make  
 Your highness know the thing which should have  
 brought  
 Grief to your grace, and your offence to him;  
 Hoping by earnest suit should soon have won  
 A loving heart within a brother's breast,  
 Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love  
 And faithful heart, he gave to me his hand.  
 This made me think that he had banished quite  
 All rancour from his thought, and bare to me  
 Such hearty love as I did owe to him.  
 But after once we left your grace's court,  
 And from your highness' presence lived apart,



This equal rule still, still did grudge him so,  
That now those envious sparks which erst lay raked  
In living cinders of dissembling breast,  
Kindled so far within his heart disdain,  
That longer could he not refrain from proof  
Of secret practice to deprive my life  
By poison's force; and had bereft me so,  
If mine own servant hired to this fact,  
And moved by truth with hate to work the same,  
In time had not betrayed it unto me.  
When thus I saw the knot of love unknot,  
All honest league and faithful promise broke,  
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,  
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast  
Black treason hid; then, then did I despair  
That ever time could win him friend to me;  
Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife  
Wrapped under cloak, then saw I deep deceit  
Lurk in his face and death prepared for me:  
Even nature moved me then to hold my life  
More dear to me than his, and bade this hand,  
(Since by his life my death must needs ensue,  
And by his death my life to be preserved),  
To shed his blood, and seek my safety so.  
And wisdom willed me without protract  
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.  
Thus have I told the cause that moved me  
To work my brother's death; and so I yield  
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.  
God, Oh cruel wight! should any cause prevail

To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?  
But what of thee we will resolve to do,  
Shall yet remain unknown. Thou in the mean  
Shalt from our royal presence banished be,  
Until our princely pleasure further shall  
To thee be showed. Depart therefore our sight,  
Accursed child! [*Exit PORREX.*] What cruel destiny,

What froward fate hath sorted us this chance?  
That even in those, where we should comfort find,  
Where our delight now in our aged days  
Should rest and be, even there our only grief  
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,  
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

ARON. Your grace should now, in these grave years  
of your's,

Have found ere this the price of mortal joys,  
How short they be, how fading here in earth,  
How full of change, how brittle our estate,  
Of nothing sure—save only of the death,  
To whom both man and all the world doth owe  
Their end at last; neither shall nature's power  
In other sort against your heart prevail,  
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays  
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

GOR. Many can yield right sage and grave advice  
Of patient spirit to others wrapped in woe,  
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;  
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,  
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,

Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean  
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

*Enter MARCELLA.*

MAR. Oh where is ruth; or where is pity now?  
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?  
Are they exiled out of our stony breasts,  
Never to make return? is all the world  
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?  
If not in woman mercy may be found,  
If not, alas, within the mother's breast,  
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;  
If ruth be banished thence, if pity there  
May have no place, if there no gentle heart  
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

GOR. Madam, alas! what means your woful tale?

MAR. O silly woman I! why to this hour  
Have kind and fortune thus deferred my breath,  
That I should live to see this doleful day?  
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart  
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,  
With her own hand to slay her only son?  
But out, alas! these eyes beheld the same,  
They saw the dreary sight, and are become  
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.  
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,  
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell!  
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,

His heart stabbed in with knife is rest of life.

GOR. O Eubulus! oh draw this sword of our's,  
And pierce this heart with speed! O hateful light,  
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death!  
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech!

EUB. Patient your grace; perhaps he liveth yet,  
With wound received, but not of certain death.

GOR. O let us then repair unto the place,  
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain.

[*Enter GORDEUO and EUBULUS.*]

MAR. Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,  
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,  
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,  
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

AROS. O damned deed!

MAR. But hear his ruthless end.  
The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,  
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,  
Whose strength now falling straight he overthrew,  
When in the fall his eyes, even now unclosed,  
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help.  
We then, alas, the ladies which that time  
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,  
And hearing him oft call the wretched name  
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,  
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,  
Pitying, alas, (for nought else could we do)  
His ruthless end, ran to the woful bed,  
Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might  
Wiped in vain with ~~almonds~~ <sup>almonds</sup> next at hand,

The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast  
Out of the gaping wound. O what a look,  
O what a ruthless steadfast eye methought  
He fixed upon my face, which to my death  
Will never part from me, when with a bride  
A deep set sigh he gave, and therewithal  
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight:  
And straight pale death pressing within his face  
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

ANES. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact!

MAR. O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned  
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end!  
But most hard cruel heart that could consent  
To lend the hateful destinies that hand  
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.  
O queen of adamant! O marble breast!  
If not the favor of his earnest face,  
If not his princely cheer and countenance,  
His radiant active arms, his manly breast,  
If not his fair and seemly personage,  
His noble limbs in such proportion cast  
As would have wrapt a silly woman's thought;  
If this might not have moved thy bloody heart,  
And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon  
Even to let fall, and kissed him in the face,  
With tears for nought to spare such one by death;  
Should nature yet consent to slay her son?  
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child!  
Even Jove with justice met with lightning flames  
From heaven and down some strange revenge on thee.



Ah, noble prince! how oft have I beheld  
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,  
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,  
 And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,  
 And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,  
 That bowed the head-piece of thy friendly foe!  
 How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,  
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword!  
 Which never now these eyes may see again!

ANON. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed!  
 Rather with me depart, and help to suage  
 The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king  
 Must needs by nature grow by death of this  
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

MAR. What wight is that which saw that I did see,  
 And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?  
 Not I, alas! that heart is not in me!  
 But let us go, for I am grieved anew,  
 To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [Exeunt.]

*Enter CHORUS.*

When greedly lust in royal seat to reign  
 Hath rest all care of gods and eke of men;  
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,  
 Within ambitious breast are lodged, then  
 Behold how Mischief wide herself displays,  
 And with the brother's hand the brother slays!

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face,  
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,  
The mighty god even moveth from his place,  
With wrath to wreak: then sends he forth with speed,  
The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night,  
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,  
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright  
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire.  
These, for revenge of wretched murder done,  
Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:  
Jove, by his just and everlasting doom,  
Justly hath ever so requited it.

The times before record, and times to come,  
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof  
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare  
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood!  
And happy he, that can, in time beware  
By other's harms, and turn it to his good.  
But woe to him that, fearing not to offend,  
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end!



## ACT V.

## ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE

## DUMB SHOW.

*First, the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebusiers, and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Heredy was signified tumults, rebellions, arms, and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which, by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of king Corbodus and of his issue, for want of certain limitation in the succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallis Mediantius, who reduced the land to monarchy.*

## SCENE I.

CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD, FERGUS, and  
EUBULUS.

CLOT. DID ever age bring forth such tyrant hearts?  
The brother hath bereft the brother's life,  
The mother, she hath dyed her cruel hands  
In blood of her own son! and now at last  
The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,  
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,  
Even they have slain their sovereign lord and queen.

MAN. Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished  
rest?

Even yet they cease not, carried on with rage,  
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still  
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,  
To slay them all, and to uproot the race  
Both of the king and queen; so are they moved  
With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge  
The guiltless king, without desert at all;  
And traitorously have murdered him therefore,  
And eke the queen.

GWEN. Shall subjects dare with force  
To work revenge upon their prince's fact?  
Admit the worst that may—as sure in this



The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,  
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,  
 Arise against his lord, and slay his king?  
 O wretched state! where those rebellious hearts  
 Are not rent out even from their living breasts,  
 And with the body thrown unto the fowls,  
 As carrion food, for terror of the rest.

FERG. There can no punishment be thought too  
 great :

For this so grievous crime: let speed therefore  
 Be used therein, for it behooveth so.

EUB. Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,  
 And I as one consent with ye in all.  
 I hold it more than need, with sharpest law  
 To punish this tumultuous bloody rage.  
 For nothing more may shake the common state,  
 Than sufferance of uproars without redress;  
 Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,  
 After great conquests made, and flourishing  
 In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,  
 I pray to Jove, that we may rather wail  
 Such hap in them than witness in ourselves.  
 Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees—  
 Though kings forget to govern as they ought,  
 Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.  
 But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,  
 Or spend your speech—what sharp revenge shall fall  
 By justice' plague on these rebellious wights,  
 Methinks ye rather should first search the way  
 By which in time the rage of this uproar

Might be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.  
 Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang  
 In traitors' balance of unequal weight.  
 Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,  
 Nor yet Videne's blood, will cease their rage:  
 Even our own lives, our wives, and children dear,  
 Our country, dearest of all, in danger stands,  
 Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,  
 And by ourselves a conquest to ensue:  
 For, give once away unto the people's lusts,  
 To rush forth on, and stay them not in time—  
 And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,  
 So will they headlong run with raging thoughts  
 From blood to blood, from mischief unto more,  
 To ruin of the realm, themselves, and all:  
 So giddy are the common people's minds,  
 So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.  
 Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have,  
 What huge number is assembled still,  
 For though the traitorous fact, for which they rose,  
 Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;  
 So that, how far their furies yet will stretch,  
 Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek  
 By present battle to suppress their power,  
 Speed must we use to levy force therefore;  
 For either they forthwith will mischief work,  
 Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease:  
 These violent things may have no lasting long.  
 Let us, therefore, use this for present help—  
 Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace

With gift of pardon, save unto the chief;  
And that upon condition that forthwith  
They yield the captains of their enterprise,  
To bear such guerdons of their traitorous fact  
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,  
And wholesome terror to posterity.  
This shall, I think, scatter the greatest part  
That now are holden with desire of home,  
Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,  
And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.  
When this is once proclaimed, it shall make  
The captains to mistrust the multitude,  
Whose safety bids them to betray their heads;  
And so much more, because the racial roots,  
In things of great and perilous attempts,  
Are never true to the noble race.  
And while we treat, and stand on terms of grace,  
We shall both stay their furious rage the while,  
And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth  
Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.  
In the mean while, make you in readiness  
Such band of horsemen as ye may procure.  
Horsemen, you know, are not the commons' strength,  
But are the force and store of noble men;  
Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort  
Of skillless rebels, whom none other power  
But number makes to be of dreadful force,  
With sudden brunt may quickly be opposed.  
And if this gentle mean of proffered grace  
With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail,

As to assuage their desperate courages;  
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,  
As present age, and eke posterity,  
May be adrad with horror of revenge  
That justly then shall on these rebels fall.  
This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

CLOT. Neither this case admits debate at large;  
And though it did, this speech that hath been said,  
Hath well abridged the tale I would have told.  
Fully with Eubulus do I consent  
In all that he hath said: and if the same  
To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,  
I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

MAN. My lords, then let us presently depart,  
And follow this that liketh us so well.

[*Exeunt* CLOTYN, MANDUD, GWENARD,  
and EUBULUS.

FERR. If ever time to gain a kingdom here  
Were offered man, now it is offered me.  
The realm is rest both of their king and queen,  
The offspring of the prince is slain and dead,  
No issue now remains, the heir unknown,  
The people are in arms and mutinies,  
The nobles, they are busied how to cease  
These great rebellious tumults and upours;  
And Britain land, now desert left alone  
Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,  
Offers herself unto that noble heart  
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.  
Shall I, that am the Duke of Albany—

Descended from that line of noble blood,  
Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame  
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts  
Of right should rest above the baser sort,  
Refuse to venture life to win a crown?  
Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand  
My fact herein, if I attempt by arms  
To seek the same now in these times of broil?  
These dukes' power can hardly well appease  
The people that already are in arms.  
But if, perhaps, my force be once in field,  
Is not my strength in power above the best  
Of all these lords now left in Britain land?  
And though they should match me with power of men,  
Yet doubtful is the chance of battles joined.  
If victors of the field we may depart,  
Our's is the sceptre then of Great Britain:  
If slain amid the plain this body lie,  
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this—  
But that I died giving the noble charge  
To hazard life for conquest of a crown.  
Forthwith, therefore, will I in post depart  
To Albany, and raise in armour there  
All power I can: and here my secret friends,  
By secret practice shall solicit still,  
To seek to win to me the people's hearts. [Exit.



## SCENE II

EUBULUS *solus.*

EUB. O Jove, how are these people's hearts abused!  
What blind fury thus headlong carries them!  
That though so many books, so many rolls  
Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues  
Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft  
Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell  
What just reward these traitors still receive;  
Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood,  
By strangling cord, and slaughter of the sword,  
To such assigned, yet can they not beware,  
Yet cannot stay their lewd rebellious hands,  
But suffering, lo, foul treason to distain  
Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,  
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.  
A ruthful case! that those, whom duty's bond,  
Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith,  
Bound to preserve their country and their king,  
Born to defend their common wealth and prince—  
Even they should give consent thus to subvert  
Thee, Britain land, and from thy womb should spring,  
O native soil! those that will needs destroy  
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.

For lo! when once the dukes had offered grace  
 Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled  
 By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads--  
 One sort that saw the dangerous success  
 Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,  
 And knew the difference of prince's power  
 From headless number of tumultuous routs,  
 Whom common country's care, and private fear  
 Taught to repent the error of their rage,  
 Laid hands upon the captains of their band,  
 And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes.  
 Another sort, not trusting yet so well  
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more  
 Their own offence than that they could conceive  
 Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed,  
 Or for that they their captains could not yield,  
 (Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before)  
 Stole home by silence of the secret night.  
 The third unhappy and enraged sort  
 Of desperate hearts, who, stained in princes' blood,  
 From traitorous furor could not be withdrawn  
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,  
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatened death,  
 With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,  
 Careless of country, and aweless of God,  
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move  
 With violent death to close their traitorous life.  
 These all by power of horsemen were oppressed,  
 And with revenging sword slain in the field,  
 Or with the strangling cord hanged on the trees,

Where yet their carrion carcasses do preach  
The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,  
And of the murder of their sacred prince.  
But lo, where do approach the noble dukes  
By whom these tumults have been thus appeased.

*Enter CLOTY, MANDUD, GWENHARD, and  
AROSTUL.*

CLOT. I think the world will now at length beware,  
And fear to put on arms against their prince.

MAN. If not, those traitorous hearts that dare rebel,  
Let them behold the wide and huge fields  
With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain;  
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead,  
That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

AROS. A just reward; such as all times before  
Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

GWEN. But what means he that cometh here so fast?

*Enter NUNTIAL.*

NUN. My lords, as duty and my truth do move,  
And of my country work a care in me,  
That, if the spending of my breath availed  
To do the service that my heart desires,  
I would not shun to embrace a present death;  
So have I now, in that wherein I thought

My travail might perform some good effect,  
Ventured my life to bring these tidings here.  
Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,  
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field  
With twenty thousand men: hither he bends  
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown.  
Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad—  
That to this realm no certain heir remains,  
That Britain land is left without a guide,  
That he the sceptre seeks, for nothing else  
But to preserve the people and the land,  
Which now remain as ship without a stern.  
Lo, this is that which I have here to say.

CLOT. Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus  
Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?  
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,  
His cruel and untempered wilfulness,  
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,  
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!  
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist  
The new attempt of this our common foe,  
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

MAN. Though we remain without a certain prince,  
To wield the realm, or guide the wandering rule,  
Yet now the common mother of us all,  
Our native land, our country, that contains  
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all  
That ever is or may be dear to man,  
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.  
Let us advance our powers to repress

This growing foe of all our liberties.

GWEN. Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed:  
And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death,  
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not  
In loathsome life to linger out our days,  
To see the huge heaps of these unhaps,  
That now roll down upon the wretched land,  
Where empty place of princely governance,  
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,  
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey  
To endless storms and waste of civil war!

AROS. That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,  
To save your country from the violent reign  
And wrongfully usurped tyranny  
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,  
To save your realm—and in this realm yourselves,  
From foreign thraldom of so proud a prince,  
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,  
With happy honor to requite it you.  
But, O my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath  
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince;  
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord  
Remains no more, since the young kings be slain,  
And of the title of descended crown  
Uncertainly the divers minds do think  
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly  
Will partial fancy and affection deem;  
But most uncertainly will climbing pride  
And hope of reign withdraw to sundry parts  
The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.



When once this noble service is achieved  
For Britain land, the mother of ye all,  
When once ye have with armed force repressed  
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,  
That threatens thralldom to your native land,  
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,  
And find the princely state an open prey  
To greedy lust and to usurping power,  
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care  
Of antient honor of your ancestors,  
Of present wealth and nobless of your stocks,  
Yea of the lives and safety yet to come  
Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,  
Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,  
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate,  
Then help to salve the well-near hopeless sore;  
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold  
The slaying knife from your own mother's throat.  
Her shall you save, and you, and your's in her,  
If ye shall all with one assent forbear  
Once to lay hand or take unto yourselves  
The crown, by color of pretended right,  
Or by what other means soever it be,  
Till first by common counsel of you all  
In parliament, the regal diadem  
Be set in certain place of governance;  
In which your parliament, and in your choice;  
Prefer the right, my lords, without respect  
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause  
That may set forward any other's part.

For right will last, and wrong cannot endure.  
Right mean I his or her's, upon whose name  
The people rest by mean of native line,  
Or by the virtue of some former law,  
Already made their title to advance.  
Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king,  
Such one so born within your native land,  
Such one prefer, and in no wise admit  
The heavy yoke of foreign governance—  
Let foreign titles yield to public wealth.  
And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare  
Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,  
With that same heart, my lords, keep out also  
Unnatural thralldom of stranger's reign;  
Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,  
Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

EUB. Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,  
And lo, the entry to the woful wreck  
And utter ruin of this noble realm.  
The royal king and eke his sons are slain;  
No ruler rests within the regal seat;  
The heir, to whom the sceptre longs, unknown;  
That to each force of foreign princes' power,  
Whom vantage of our wretched state may move  
By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm,  
And to the proud and greedy mind at home,  
Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire,  
Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,  
A present spoil by conquest to ensue.  
Who seeth not now how many rising minds

Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm?  
And who will not by force attempt to win  
So great a gain, that hope persuades to have?  
A simple color shall for title serve.

Who wins the royal crown will want no right,  
Nor such as shall display by long descent  
A lineal race to prove him lawful king.

In the meanwhile these civil arms shall rage,  
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,  
And far and near spread thee, O Britain land!  
All right and law shall cease, and he that had  
Nothing to day, to-morrow shall enjoy  
Great heaps of gold, and he that flowed in wealth—  
Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all;

And happiest he that then possesseth least.  
The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflowered,  
And children fatherless shall weep and wail;

With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish,  
One kinsman shall bereave another's life,

The father shall unwitting slay the son,  
The son shall slay the sire and know it not:

Women and maids the cruel soldier's sword  
Shall pierce to death, and silly children lo,  
That playing in the streets and fields are found,  
By violent hands shall close their latter day.

Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier  
Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?

Even thou, O wretched mother, half alive!

Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child  
Slain with the sword while he yet sucks thy breast.

Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed:  
Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,  
But dearth and famine shall possess the land,  
The towns shall be consumed and burnt with fire,  
The peopled cities shall wax desolate;  
And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,  
Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,  
Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,  
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed—  
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.  
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent  
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.  
This is the end, when in fond princes' hearts  
Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place:  
These are the plagues, when murder is the mean:  
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.  
Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath  
Nought but the blood of her own child may suage;  
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise  
To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.  
This, this ensues, when noble men do fail  
In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.  
And this doth grow, when he, unto the prince,  
Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,  
No certain heir remains—such certain heir,  
As not all only is the rightful heir,  
But to the realm is so made known to be;  
And truth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,  
To owe faith there where right is known to rest.  
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,

When is of parliament no hope at all!  
Which, though it be assembled by consent,  
Yet is not likely with consent to end,  
While each one for himself, or for his friend,  
Against his foe, shall travail what he may;  
While now the state, left open to the man  
That shall with greatest force invade the same,  
Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope;  
When will they once with yielding hearts agree?  
Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?  
No, no: then parliament should have been holden,  
And certain heirs appointed to the crown,  
To stay the title of established right,  
And in the people plant obedience,  
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power  
By lawful summons and authority  
Might make a parliament to be of force,  
And might have set the state in quiet stay:  
But now, O happy man, whom speedy death  
Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see  
These hugie mischiefs, and these miseries,  
These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs:  
Of justice, yet must God in fine restore  
This noble crown unto the lawful heir:  
For right will always live, and rise at length,  
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.





## VARIOUS READINGS.

---

\* \* The figures at the end of the lines denote the date of the edition in which that reading occurs. The lines having no date affixed to them, have undergone some alteration.

---

### Page 18.

MY gracious lady, and *my* mother dear, 1570.  
My gracious lady, and mother dear, 1590.

### Page 19.

That I have *ever* borne, and bear to thee; 1570.  
That I have borne, and bear to thee; 1590.  
Filled with disdain and with ambitious *hops*; 1570.  
Filled with disdain and with ambitious *pride*; 1590.  
For thee, my son, if things *do* so succeed, 1570.  
For thee, my son, if *things* so succeed, 1590.

### Page 20.

And if the end bring forth an *ill* success, 1570.  
And if the end bring forth an *evil* success, 1590.  
Brings them to *cruel* and reproachful death, 1570.  
Brings them to *civil* and reproachful death, 1590.

*Page 21.*

And brought me to this age *from* tender years, 1570.

And brought me *from* this age to tender years, 1590.

Your wealth and peace may stand *in* quiet stay; 1570.

Your wealth and peace may stand *at* quiet stay; 1590.

And not be *thought*, for their unworthy life, 1570.

And not be *taught*, for their unworthy life, 1590.

*Page 22.*

Or *poisonous* craft to speak in pleasing wise, 1570.

Or *poison's* craft to speak in pleasing wise, 1590.

Of such *our* faithfulness, as heretofore 1570.

Of such *your* faithfulness, as heretofore 1590.

Nor we shall need *in* boasting wise to show 1570.

Nor we shall need *no* boasting wise to show 1590.

Wherefore, O king, I speak *as one* for all, 1570.

Wherefore, O king, I speak *for one* as all, 1590.

Doubt not to use *our* counsels and *our* aids, 1570.

Doubt not to use *their* counsels and *their* aids, 1590.

*Page 23.*

As yet they live and spend *their* hopeful days 1590.

As yet they live and spend hopeful days 1570.

My purpose is to leave *unto* them twain, 1570.

My purpose is to leave *between* them twain, 1590.

The realm divided *in* two sundry parts:

The realm divided *into* two sundry parts: 1570 & 1590.

The other, shall the *younger*, Porrex, rule. 1570.

The other, shall the *other*, Porrex, rule. 1590.

*Page 24.*

Not for ourselves, but for *the* common state, 1570.

Nor for ourselves, but for *our* common state, 1590.

They two, yet young, shall bear the *parted* reign 1570.

They two, yet young, shall bear the *partis* reign 1590.

Of *father*, yea, of such a father's name, 1570.

Of *father's*—yea, of such a father's name, 1590.

Page 25.

When *is the* hazard of their whole success, 1570.

When *it is* hazard of their whole success 1590.

*As* now inured with virtues at the first, 1570.

*And* now inured with virtues at the first, 1590.

Great is the peril, what *will* be the end, 1570.

Great is the peril, what *shall* be the end, 1590.

Shall leave them *free to* random of their will, 1570.

Shall leave them *to free* random of their will, 1590.

Page 26.

But so to place them while your life *do* last, 1570.

But so to place them while your life *doth* last, 1590.

So your two sons it may *suffice also*, 1570.

So your two sons it may *also suffice*, 1590.

Page 27.

To throw the *brather* subject under feet 1570.

To throw the *other* subject under feet 1590.

That *draw* not forth his end with faster course; 1570.

That *brings* not forth his end with faster course; 1590.

Page 28.

And oft it hath been seen, *where nature's course* 1570.

And oft it hath been seen, *that where nature* 1590.

*The* children cease to know they should obey; 1570.

*And* children cease to know they should obey; 1590.

And often *over kindly* tenderness 1570

And often *our unkindly* tenderness 1590.

If you desire to *see* some present joy 1570.  
 If you desire to *seek* some present joy 1590.

*Page 29.*

Wherefore, most noble king, I *well* assent 1570.  
 Wherefore, most noble king, I *will* assent 1590.

*Within* one land, one single rule is best: 1570.  
*For with* one land, one single rule is best: 1590.

Divided *reigns* do make divided hearts, 1570.  
 Divided *regions* do make divided hearts, 1590.

*Page 30.*

But how much *British* blood hath *since* been spilt, 1570.  
 But how much *Brutish* blood hath *sithence* been spilt,  
 1590.

What princes slain before their timely *hour*! 1570.  
 What princes slain before their timely *honor*! 1590.

Ruthful remembrance is yet *raw* in mind. 1570.  
 Ruthful remembrance is yet *had* in mind. 1590.

*Page 31.*

*And* envy in the other's heart inflame, 1570,  
*Is* envy in the other's heart inflame, 1590,

*Page 32.*

Too soon he clomb into the flaming *car*, 1570.  
 Too soon he clomb into the flaming *cart*, 1590.

*Page 34.*

Destroys the *wrongly* loved child thereby. 1570.  
 Destroys the *wrongful* loved child thereby. 1590.

*Page 36.*

Had stood against him in *rebelling* wise; 1570.  
 Had stood against him in *rebellious* wise; 1590.



## Page 37.

Or cruel Gripe to gnaw my *growing* heart, 1570.  
 Or cruel Gripe to gnaw my *groaning* heart, 1590.

Transports by traffic from the foreign *parts*, 1570.  
 Transports by traffic from the foreign *ports*, 1590.

## Page 39.

*While* yet therefore sticks in the people's mind 1570.  
*Whiles* yet therefore sticks in the people's mind 1590.

## Page 40.

Got him some force and favor in *the* realm; 1570.  
 Got him some force and favor in *this* realm; 1590.  
 Show now your courage meet for kingly *state*, 1570.  
 Show now your courage meet for kingly *estate*, 1590.

## Page 41.

*The* spoil of towns, *ruins* of mighty realms, 1570.  
*To* spoil of towns, and *reigns* of mighty realms, 1590.  
 Think you such princes do *suppose* themselves 1570.  
 Think you such princes do *suppress* themselves 1590.

Murders and violent thefts in private men  
 Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach;  
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name  
 Of noble conquests—in the hands of kings. 1570.  
 Yet none offence, but decked with glorious name  
 Of noble conquests—in the hands of kings;  
 Murders and violent thefts in private men  
 Are heinous crimes, and full of foul reproach. 1590.

But though with peril of your *own* estate, 1570.  
 But though with *great* peril of your *state*, 1590.

## Page 43.

Break forth *in* arms or sudden violence, 1570.  
 Break forth *with* arms or sudden violence, 1590.

As was *rash* Phaeton in Phœbus' car; 1570.

As was *that* Phaeton in Phœbus' car; 1590.

*Page 44.*

Of horse, of *armour*, and of *weapons* there:

Of horse, of *armour*, and of *weapon* there: 1570.

Of horse, of *armours*, and of *weapons* there: 1590.

*Why* he, so noble and so wise a prince, 1570.

*While* he, so noble and so wise a prince, 1590.

*Page 45.*

My lord, yet ere you *move* unkindly war, 1570.

My lord, yet ere you *now* unkindly war, 1590.

Shall I betray my trusty *friends* to him, 1570.

Shall I betray my trusty *friend* to him, 1590.

That *have* disclosed his treason unto me? 1570.

That *hath* disclosed his treason unto me? 1590.

*Page 46.*

To Ferrex to oppress me *all* unware? 1570.

To Ferrex to oppress me *at* unware? 1590.

Shall I abide, *and treat*, and send, and pray, 1570.

Shall I abide, *entreat*, and send, and pray, 1590.

The father's death, the *ruin* of *their* realms. 1570.

The father's death, the *reign* of *two* realms. 1590.

Ere this mischief come to *the* likely end; 1570.

Ere this mischief come to *that* likely end; 1590.

*Page 47.*

Out of this realm to raze the *British* line, 1570.

Out of this realm to raze the *Brutish* line, 1590.

To learn the mischiefs of *misguided* state. 1570.

To learn the mischiefs of *misguiding* state. 1590.

*Page 50.*

Doth *chase* the issues of destroyed Troy. 1570.

Doth *chast* the issues of destroyed Troy. 1590.

Lo, it contains the ruin of *our* realm, 1570.

Lo, it contains the ruin of *this* realm, 1590.

*Page 51.*

By *traitorous fraud* of young untempered wits, 1570.

By *traitors framed* of young untempered wits, 1590.

Disdain, saith he, of his *disheritance* 1570.

Disdain, saith he, of his *inheritance* 1590.

*Page 52.*

But timely knowledge may bring *timely* help. 1570.

But timely knowledge may bring *manly help*. 1590.

But yet, O king, *the* want of lustful health 1570.

But yet, O king, *this* want of lustful health 1590.

*Page 53.*

*For* war, and saith that it is wholly meant 1570.

*Of* war, and saith that it is wholly meant 1590.

Are they in arms? would he not send *to* me? 1570.

Are they in arms? would he not send *for* me? 1590.

*Page 54.*

Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's *cares*, can move, 1570.

Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's *care*, can move, 1590.

May yet raise, shall *repress* their present heat, 1570.

May yet raise, shall *express* their present heat, 1590.

*Page 55.*

And add it to the glory of your *age*,

And add it to the glory of your *latter* age, 1570 & 1590.

*Page 56.*

The lust of *kingdom* knows no sacred faith, 1570.

The lust of *kingdoms* knows no sacred faith, 1590.

*Page 57.*

Asks vengeance *still* before the heaven's face, 1570.

Asks vengeance before the heaven's face, 1590.

The mournful plaints to waste his *very* life. 1570.

The mournful plaints to waste his *weary* life. 1590.

The dead black streams of *mourning*, plaints, and  
woe. 1570.

The dead black streams of *mournings*, plaints, and  
woe. 1590.

*Page 60.*

My doleful mind *had* not afflicted thus. 1570.

My doleful mind *hath* not afflicted thus. 1590.

*Page 61.*

Is my *beloved* son, is my sweet child, 1570.

Is my *well beloved* son, is my sweet child, 1590.

Whose heart betorn out of his *panting* breast 1570.

Whose heart betorn out of his *loving* breast 1590.

Suffice to make a sacrifice to *pease* 1590.

Suffice to make a sacrifice to *appease* 1570.

*Page 62.*

Or if needs, needs *thy* hand *must* slaughter make, 1570.

Or if needs, needs *this* hand *might* slaughter make, 1590.

So Ferrex *yet* sweet life might have enjoyed, 1570.

So Ferrex *if* sweet life might have enjoyed, 1590.

To thee that *had* thy brother's blood thus shed? 1570.

To thee that *hath* thy brother's blood thus shed? 1590.

## Page 63.

And yet we *have* no word whereof he stays. 1570.

And yet we *hear* no word whereof he stays. 1590.

And from *those* bounds which *law* of nature sets, 1570.

And from *these* bounds which *laws* of nature sets, 1590.

## Page 64.

By blood again; *and* justice forceth us 1570.

By blood again; *but* justice forceth us 1590.

## Page 65.

But this unhap, amongst so *many* *haps*,

But this unhap, amongst so many *heaps*, 1570 & 1590.

That to myself I must *reserve* my woe, 1570.

That to myself I must *refer* my woe, 1590.

*Since* I may not show here my smallest grief, 1570.

*Sithence* I may not show here my smallest grief, 1590.

*To* purchase life—for to the gods I clepe 1570.

*Should* purchase life—for to the gods I clepe 1590.

*Nor* never shall this tongue once spend *the* speech, 1570.

*Nor* never shall this tongue once spend *this* speech, 1590.

## Page 66.

With swollen disdain against *mine* equal rule, 1570.

With swollen disdain against *my* equal rule, 1590.

## Page 67.

Of *secret* practice to deprive *me* life 1570.

Of secret practice to deprive *my* life 1590.

## Page 68.

Many can yield right *sage* and *grave* advice 1570.

Many can yield right *grave* and *sage* advice 1590.



## Page 69.

*Whither* is gentle heart and mercy fled?

*Whether* is gentle heart and mercy fled? 1570 & 1590.

## Page 70.

And see if Porrex *live*, or thus be slain. 1570.

And see if *that* Porrex, or thus be slain. 1590.

But hear *his* ruthful end. 1570.

But hear *this* ruthful end. 1590.

His *ruthful* end, ran to the woful bed, 1570.

His *rueful* end, ran to the woful bed, 1590.

## Page 73.

When blood thus shed doth stain *the* heaven's face, 1570.

When blood thus shed doth stain *this* heaven's face, 1590.

## Page 76.

Did ever age bring forth such *tyrant* hearts! [1590.

Did ever age bring forth such *tyrants'* hearts! 1570 &

Even yet they cease not, carried *on* with rage, 1570.

Even yet they cease not, carried *out* with rage, 1590.

## Page 77.

To punish *this* tumultuous bloody rage. 1570.

To punish *the* tumultuous bloody rage. 1590.

Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees—

“ That no cause serves, whereby the subject may

“ Call to account the doings of his prince,

“ Much less in blood by sword to work revenge;

“ No more than may the hand cut off the head.

“ In act nor speech, no not in secret thought

- “ The subject may rebel against his lord,  
 “ Or judge of him that sits in Caesar's seat, [1590.  
 “ With grudging mind to damn those he mislikes.

*These lines marked with inverted commas do not appear in the authorized edition. WARTON supposes that they were suppressed by Norton, who was an active puritan.*

*Page 78.*

- Or their rebellious roars forthwith *will* cease: 1570.  
 Or their rebellious roars forthwith *must* cease. 1590.

*Page 79.*

- This shall, I think, *scatter* the greatest part 1570.  
 This shall, I think, *flatter* the greatest part 1590.  
 Of *skillless* rebels, whom none other power 1570.  
 Of *skillish* rebels, whom none other power 1590.

*Page 80.*

- This is, my *lords*, the sum of mine advice. 1590.  
 This is, my *lord*, the sum of mine advice. 1570.

*Page 81.*

- Refuse to *venture* life to win a crown? 1570.  
 Refuse to *adventure* life to win a crown? 1590.

*Page 83.*

- Another* sort, not trusting yet so well 1590.  
*And other* sort, not trusting yet so well 1570.  
 Their own offence than that they *could* conceive 1570.  
 Their own offence than that they *should* conceive 1590.  
 With *violent* death to close their traitorous life. 1570.  
 With *valiant* death to close their traitorous life. 1590.  
 Or with the strangling cord hanged on the *trees*, 1590.  
 Or with the strangling cord hanged on the *tree* 1570.

## Page 84.

Where yet *their* carrion carcasses do preach 1570.

Where yet *the* carrion carcasses do preach 1590.

If not, these traitorous hearts that *do* rebel, 1570.

If not, these traitorous hearts that *do* rebel, 1590.

With blood and *bodies* spread of rebels slain; 1570.

With blood and *body* spread with rebels slain: 1590.

The *lofty* trees clothed with *the* corpses dead, 1570.

The *lusty* trees clothed with corpses dead, 1590.

And of my country work *a* care in me, 1570.

And of my country work *and* care in me, 1590.

That, if the spending of my breath *suited* 1570.

That, if the spending of my breath *suit* 1590.

## Page 85.

Lo, this is that which I have *here to say*. 1570.

Lo, this is that which I have *hereto said*. 1590.

## Page 86.

In loathsome life to linger out our *days*, 1570.

In loathsome life to linger *out* our *lives*, 1590.

To see the huge heaps of these *unhaps*, 1570.

To see the huge heaps of these *mishaps*, 1590.

And hope of reign *withdraw to* sundry parts 1570.

And hope of reign *withdraw from* sundry parts 1590.

## Page 87.

Prefer the right, my lords, *without* respect 1590.

Prefer the right, my lords, *with* respect 1570.

## Page 88.

That to each force of foreign princes' power, 1570.

That to *the* force of foreign princes' power, 1590.

Whom vantage of *your* wretched state *may move* 1570.  
Whom vantage of *our* wretched state 1590.

*Page 89.*

A lineal race to prove him lawful king. 1570.  
A lineal race to prove *himself* a king. 1590.  
That *playing* in the streets and fields are found, 1590.  
That *play* in the streets and fields are found, 1570.

*Page 90.*

And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown, 1570.  
And thou, O Britain *land*, whilom in renown, 1590.  
This is the end, when in *fond* princes' hearts 1570.  
This is the end, when in *young* princes' hearts 1590.

*Page 91.*

To stay *the* title of established right, 1570.  
To stay *their* title of established right, 1590.  
And in the people plant obedience, 1570.  
And plant the people in obedience, 1590.  
And might have set the *state* in quiet stay: 1570.  
And might have set the *realm* in quiet stay: 1590.  
But now, O happy man, *whom* speedy death 1570.  
But now, O happy man, *what* speedy death 1590.  
Of justice, yet must *God* in fine restore 1570.  
Of justice, yet must *Jove* in fine restore 1590.





**THE**  
**INDUCTION**

**AND**

**LEGEND**

**OF**

**HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**



## OBSERVATIONS, &c.

---

“ IN the turbulent and unpropitious reign of queen Mary, when controversy was no longer confined to speculation, and a spiritual warfare polluted every part of England with murders more atrocious than the slaughters of the most bloody civil contest, a poem was planned, although not fully completed, which illuminates with no common lustre that interval of darkness, which occupies the annals of English poetry from Surrey to Spenser, entitled; ‘ A Mirror for Magistrates.’

“ More writers than one were concerned in the execution of this piece; but its *primary inventor*, and most distinguished contributor, was Thomas Sackville.”

“ About the year 1557 he formed the plan of a poem, in which all the illustrious but unfortunate characters of the English history, from the conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, were to pass in review before the poet, who descends like Dante into the infernal region, and is conducted by Sorrow. Although a descent into hell had been suggested by other poets, the application of such a fiction to the present design, is a conspicuous proof of genius, and even of invention.

Every personage was to recite his own misfortunes in a separate soliloquy. But Sackville had leisure only to finish a poetical preface called an Induction, and one Legend, which is the life of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham. Relinquishing therefore the design abruptly, and hastily adapting the close of his Induction to the appearance of Buckingham, the only story he had yet written, and which was to have been the last in his series, he recommended the completion of the whole to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers."

"Baldwyne and Ferrers, perhaps deterred by the greatness of the attempt, did not attend to the series prescribed by Sackville; but, inviting some others to their assistance, among which are Churchyard and Phayer, chose such lives from the newly published chronicles of Fabyan and Hall, as seemed to display the most affecting catastrophes, and which very probably were pointed out by Sackville. The civil wars of York and Lancaster which Hall had compiled with a laborious investigation of the subject, appear to have been their chief resource."

The following is the plan which they substituted for Sackville's original design.—

"A company was feigned to be assembled, each of which, one excepted, by turns personates a character of one of the great unfortunate: and the stories were all connected, by being related to the silent person of the assembly, who is like the chorus in the Greek tragedies, or the Host in Chancer's Canterbury Tales. The whole was to form a sort of dramatic interlude,

including a series of independent soliloquies. A continuity to this imagined representation is preserved by the introduction, after every soliloquy, of a prose epilogue, which also serves as a prologue to the succeeding piece, and has the air of a stage-direction."

"The plan was confessedly borrowed from Boccace's *De Casibus Principum*, a book translated by Lydgate, but which never was popular, because it had no English examples."

These are the opinions of Warton. How far he is justified in assigning to Sackville the honor of *primary inventor* the reader may judge from the perusal of the following interlocutory matter which precedes the Induction, and which is here subjoined to explain the method of the recital:—

"Then said the reader: 'The next here whom I find miserable are king Edward's two sons, cruelly murdered in the Tower of London.' 'Have you their tragedy?' 'No, surely (quoth I) the Lord Vaulx undertook to pen it, but what he hath done therein I am not certain, and therefore I let it pass till I know farther. I have here the duke of Buckingham, king Richard's chief instrument, written by Master Thomas Sackville.' 'Read it we pray you:' said they. 'With a good will (quoth I) but first you shall hear his preface or Induction.' 'Hath he made a preface (quoth one), what meaneth he thereby, seeing none other hath used the like order?' 'I will tell you the cause there-



of (quoth I), which is this—After that he understood that some of the council [Bishop Gardiner, at that time Chancellor, is supposed to be one of the persons here alluded to] would not suffer the book to be printed in such order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed with himself to have gotten at my hands all the tragedies that were before the duke of Buckingham's, which he would have preserved in one volume, and from that time backward even to the time of William the Conqueror, he determined to continue and perfect all the story himself, in such order as Lydgate (following Bocchas) had already used. And therefore, to make a meet Induction into the matter, he devised this poesy; which in my judgment is so well penned, that I would not have any verse thereof left out of our volume.'—"

With arguments founded on this dialogue, and on the fact that Sackville's Induction and Legend did not appear till the second edition in 1563, Mr. Haslewood controverts Warton's hypothesis, and is to a certain extent corroborated in his opinion by Sir Egerton Brydges.

The first edition was published in 1559; it was succeeded by another in 1563, containing, among other additions, Sackville's Induction and Legend. That of 1587, which was the last printed by either of the original editors, is esteemed the STANDARD. It was re-published by Niccols in 1610, who made considera-

ble alterations, as well in the text as in the arrangement of the Legends. He removed the Induction to the beginning of the second part, and enlarged the work by some original Legends from his own pen.

A copious account of the editions and contributors to this voluminous work may be found in Mr. Haslewood's elaborate and splendid edition.

---

"The shadowy inhabitants of Hell-gate (in the Induction) are conceived with the vigor of a creative imagination, and described with great force of expression; they are delineated with that fulness of proportion, that invention of picturesque attributes, distinctness, animation, and amplitude, of which Spenser is commonly supposed to have given the first Specimens in our language, and which are characteristic of his poetry. We may venture to pronounce that Spenser, at least, caught his manner of designing allegorical personages from this model, which so greatly enlarged the former narrow bounds of our ideal imagery, as that it may justly be deemed an original in that style of painting."

"The 'Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham,' is written with a force, and even elegance of expression, a copiousness of phraseology, and an exactness of versification, not to be found in any other parts of the collection. On the whole, it may be thought tedious

and languid. But that objection unavoidably results from the general plan of these pieces. It is impossible that soliloquies of such prolixity, and designed to include much historical, and even biographical matter, should every where sustain a proper degree of spirit, pathos, and interest." WARTON.

"His plan for the 'Mirror of Magistrates,' is a mass of darkness and despondency. He proposed to make the figure of Sorrow introduce us in Hell, to every unfortunate great character of English History. The poet, like Dante, takes us to the gates of hell; but he does not, like the Italian poet, bring us back again. . . . . Dismal as his allegories may be, his genius certainly displays in them considerable power."

CAMPBELL.

"The 'Legend of the Duke of Buckingham' is composed in a style rich, free, and forcible; the examples brought from ancient history, of the suspicion and inward wretchedness to which tyrants have ever been a prey, and afterwards, of the instability of popular favour, might in this age be accounted tedious and pedantic; they are however, pertinent, well recited, and doubtless possessed the charm of novelty with respect to the majority of contemporary readers. The curses which the unhappy duke pours forth against the despondent who had betrayed him, may almost compare in the energy and inventiveness of malice, with those

of Shakespeare's queen Margaret: but they lose their effect by being thrown into the form of monologue, and ascribed to a departed spirit, whose agonies of grief and rage in reciting his own death, have something in them bordering on the burlesque."

AKEN.

The text of the **INDUCTION** and **LEGEND** is extracted from the edition of 1563, which has been collated with those of 1587 and 1610. In a few instances the reading of the edition of 1587 has been adopted.





## THE INDUCTION.

---

THE wrathful Winter, proaching on apace,  
With blustering blasts had all ybared the treen,  
And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,  
With chilling cold had pierced the tender green;  
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped been  
The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,  
The tapets torn, and every tree down blown.

The Soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,  
Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue;  
And soote fresh flowers, wherewith the Summer's Queen  
Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew;  
And small fowls, flocking, in their song did rue  
The Winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defaced  
In woful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,  
The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,  
And dropping down the tears abundantly;  
Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told  
The cruel season, bidding me withhold  
Myself within; for I was gotten out  
Into the fields, whereas I walked about.

When lo the Night, with misty mantles spread,  
Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies;  
And Venus in her message Hermes sped  
To bloody Mars, to will him not to rise,  
Which she herself approached in speedy wise;  
And Virgo hiding her disdainful breast,  
With Thetis now had laid her down to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius' dart,  
Whose bow prest bent in fight, the string had slipt,  
Down slid into the Ocean flood apart,  
The Bear, that in the Irish seas had dipt  
His grisly feet, with speed from thence he whipt:  
For Thetis, hasting from the Virgin's bed,  
Pursued the Bear, that, ere she came, was fled.

And Phaeton now, near reaching to his race  
With glistering beams, gold-streaming where they bent,  
Was prest to enter in his resting place:  
Erythius, that in the cart first went,  
Had even now attained his journey's stent:  
And, fast declining, hid away his head,  
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cynthia, with her borrowed light,  
Beginning to supply her brother's place,  
Was past the noonsteed six degrees in sight,  
When sparkling stars amid the heaven's face,  
With twinkling light shone on the earth apace,  
That, while they brought about the Nightes chare,  
The dark had dimmed the day ere I was ware.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers,  
The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,  
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,  
The fields so fade that flourished so beforen,  
It taught me well—all earthly things be both  
To die the death, for nought long time may last;  
The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

Then looking upward to the heaven's leams,  
With nightes stars thick powdered everywhere,  
Which erst so glistened with the golden streams  
That cheerful Phœbus spread down from his sphere,  
Beholding dark oppressing day so near:  
The sudden sight reduced to my mind,  
The sundry changes that in earth we find.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,  
Which comes, and goes, more faster than we see  
The flickering flame that with the fire is wrought,  
My busy mind presented unto me  
Such fall of peers as in this realm had be;  
That oft I wished some would their woes describe,  
To warn the rest whose fortune left alive.

And straight forth-stalking with redoubled pace,  
For that I saw the Night drew on so fast,  
In black all clad, there fell before my face  
A piteous wight, whom Woe had all forewaste  
Forth from her eyen the crystal tears out brast,  
And sighing sore, her hands she wrung and fold,  
Tare all her hair, that ruth was to behold.

Her body small, forewithered, and forespent,  
As is the stalk that summer's drought opprest;  
Her wealked face with woful tears besprent,  
Her color pale, and, as it seemed her best,  
In woe and plaint reposed was her rest:  
And, as the stone that drops of water wears,  
So dented were her cheeks with fall of tears.

Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloat,  
Where, with her looks thrown up full piteously,  
Her forceless hands together oft she smote,  
With doleful shrieks, that echoed in the sky;  
Whose plaint such sighs did straight accompany,  
That, in my doom, was never man did see  
A wight but half so woe-begone as she.

I stood agast, beholding all her plight,  
Tween dread and dolor, so distrained in heart,  
That, while my hairs upstart with the sight,  
The tears out streamed for sorrow of her smart:  
But, when I saw no end that could apart  
The deadly dole which she so sore did make,  
With doleful voice then thus to her I spake:

" Unwrap thy woes, whatever wight thou be,  
 And stent in time to spill thyself with plaint,  
 Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I see  
 Thou canst not dure, with sorrow thus attaint:"  
 And, with that word of sorrow, all forefaint

She looked up, and, prostrate as she lay,  
 With piteous sound, lo, thus she gan to say:

" Alas, I wretch, whom thus thou seest distrained  
 With wasting woes, that never shall aslake,  
 Sorrow I am, in endless torments pained  
 Among the Furies in the infernal lake,  
 Where Pluto, god of hell, so grisly black  
     Doth hold his throne, and Lethe's deadly taste  
     Doth reave remembrance of each thing forepast.

" Whence come I am, the dreary destiny  
 And luckless lot for to bemoan of those  
 Whom fortune, in this maze of misery,  
 Of wretched chance, most woful mirrors chose,  
 That, when thou seest how lightly they did lose [sure,  
     Their pomp, their power, and that they thought most  
     Thou mayst soon deem no earthly joy may dure."

Whose rueful voice no sooner had outbrayed  
 Those woful words, wherewith she sorrowed so,  
 But out, alas, she shrighed, and never stayed,  
 Fell down, and all to dasht herself for woe:  
 The cold pale dread my limbs gan overgo,  
     And I so sorrowed at her sorrows eft,  
     That, what with grief and fear, my wits were reft.



I stretched myself, and straight my heart revives,  
 That dread and dolor erst did so appale,  
 Like him that with the fervent fever strives,  
 When sickness seeks his castle health to scale:  
 With gathered spirits so forced I fear to avenge:  
 And, rearing her, with anguish all foredone,  
 My spirits returned, and then I thus begun:—

“ O Sorrow, alas, with Sorrow is thy name,  
 And that to thee this drear doth well pertain,  
 In vain it were to seek to cease the same;  
 But, as a man himself with sorrow slain,  
 So I, alas, do comfort thee in pain,  
 That here in sorrow art foresunk so deep,  
 That at thy sight I can but sigh and weep.”

I had no sooner spoken of a sike,  
 But that the storm so rumbled in her breast,  
 As Æolus could never roar the like,  
 And showers down rained from her eyes so fast,  
 That all bedreint the place, till at the last,  
 Well eased they the dolor of her mind,  
 As rage of rain doth wuage the stormy wind:

For forth she paced in her fearful tale:  
 “ Come, come,” quoth she, “and see what I shall show;  
 Come, hear the plaining and the bitter bale  
 Of worthy men by Fortune overthrow:  
 Come thou, and see them rueing all in row,  
 They were but shades that erst in mind thou rolled:  
 Come, come with me, thine eyes shall them behold.

What could these words but make me more agast,  
To hear her tell whereon I mused while ere?  
So was I mazed therewith, till, at the last,  
Musing upon her words, and what they were,  
All suddenly well lessoned was my fear:  
For to my mind returned, how she told  
Both what she was, and where her won she held.

Whereby I knew that she a goddess was,  
And, therewithal, resorted to my mind  
My thought, that late presented me the glass  
Of brittle state, of cares that here we find,  
Of thousand woes to silly men assigned:  
And how she now bid me come and behold,  
To see with eye that erst in thought I rolled.

Flat down I fell, and with all reverence  
Adored her, perceiving now that she,  
A goddess, sent by godly providence,  
In earthly shape thus showed herself to me,  
To wail and rue this world's uncertainty:  
And, while I honored thus her godhead's might,  
With pining voice these words to me she straight.

"I shall thee guide first to the grisly lake,  
And thence unto the blissful place of rest,  
Where thou shalt see, and hear, the plaint they make  
That whilom here have swung among the beat:  
This shalt thou see: but great is the unrest  
That thou must bide, before thou canst attain  
Unto the dreadful place where these remain."

And, with these words, as I upraised stood,  
And gan to follow her that straight forth-paced,  
Ere I was ware, into a desert wood  
We now were come: where, hand in hand embraced,  
She led the way, and through the thick so traced,  
As, but I had been guided by her might,  
It was no way for any mortal wight.

But lo! while thus amid the desert dark  
We passed on, with steps and pace unmeet,  
A rumbling roar, confused with howl and bark  
Of dogs, shook all the ground under our feet,  
And struck the din within our ears so deep,  
As, half distraught, unto the ground I fell,  
Besought return, and not to visit hell.

But she, forthwith, uplifting me apace,  
Removed my dread, and, with a steadfast mind,  
Bade me come on, for here was now the place,  
The place where we our travail's end should find:  
Wherewith I rose, and to the place assigned  
Astained I stalked, when straight we approached near  
The dreadful place, that you will dread to hear.

A hideous hole, all vast, withouten shape,  
Of endless depth, overwhelmed with ragged stone,  
With ugly mouth, and grisly jaws doth gape,  
And to our sight confounds itself in one:  
Here entered we, and yeding forth, anon  
An horrible loathly lake we might discern,  
As black as pitch, that cleped is Avern.

A deadly gulf, where nought but rubbish grows,  
With foul black swelth in thickened lumps that lies,  
Which up in the air such stinking vapors throws,  
That over there may fly no fowl but dies  
Choaked with the pestilent savors that arise:  
Hither we come, whence forth we still did pace,  
In dreadful fear amid the dreadful place:

And, first, within the porch and jaws of hell,  
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent  
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell  
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent  
To sob and sigh; but ever thus lament,  
With thoughtful care, as she that, all in vain,  
Would wear, and waste continually in pain.

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,  
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,  
So was her mind continually in fear,  
Tossed and tormented with the tedious thought  
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought:  
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,  
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,  
With foot uncertain, proffered here and there:  
Benumbed of speech, and, with a ghastly look,  
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,  
His cap born up with staring of his hair,  
Stoined and amazed at his own shade for dread,  
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this hall,  
 Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire,  
 Devising means how she may vengeance take,  
 Never in rest, till she have her desire:  
 But frets within so far forth with the fire

Of wreaking flames, that now determines she  
 To die by death, or winged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence  
 Had showed herself, as next in order set,  
 With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,  
 Till in our eyes another sight we met:  
 When from my heart a sigh forthwith I let,  
 Ruing, alas! upon the woful plight  
 Of Misery, that next appeared in sight.

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,  
 And eke his hands consumed to the bone,  
 But what his body was, I cannot say,  
 For on his carcase nought but he none,  
 Save clouts and patches, pieced one by one;  
 With staff in hand, and scap on shoulder cast,  
 His chief defence against the winter's blast.

His food, for meat, was wild fruits of the tree,  
 Unless sometime some crumbe fell to his share,  
 Which in his wallet long, God-wot, kept he,  
 As on the which fall daintily would he fare:  
 His drink, the running stream; his cup, the bare  
 Of his pale hand; his bed, the hard cold ground;  
 To this poor life was Misery ybound.



Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,  
 With tender ruth on him, and on his fears,  
 In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we hold:  
 And, by and by, another shape appears,  
 Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breezes,  
 His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dented in,  
 With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun  
 To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,  
 When he is up, and to his work yrun:  
 But let the night's black misty mantles rise,  
 And with foul dark never so much disguise  
 The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,  
 But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,  
 Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,  
 A very corpse, save yielking forth a breath:  
 Small keep took he, whom Fortune frowned on,  
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne  
 Of high renown; but, as a living death,  
 So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,  
 The travail's ease, the still night's fear was he:  
 And of our life in earth the better part,  
 Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see  
 Things oft that tide, and oft that never be:  
 Without respect, esteeming equally  
 King Cressus' pomp, and Iru's poverty.

And next, in order sad, Old Age we found,  
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,  
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,  
As on the place where Nature him assigned  
To rest, when that the sisters had untwined  
His vital thread, and ended with their knife  
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint  
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,  
And all for naught his wretched mind torment,  
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,  
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste:  
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek?  
And to be young again of Jove beseech.

But, and the cruel fates so fixed be,  
That time forepast cannot return again,  
This one request of Jove yet prayed he:  
That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,  
As eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,  
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief,  
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit:  
Where Death, when he the mortal corpe hath slain,  
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it;  
Thereafter never to enjoy again  
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,  
In depth of darkness waste and wear to naught,  
As he had never into the world been brought.

But who had seen him, sobbing, how he stood,  
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan  
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good  
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—  
He would have mused, and marvelled much, whereon  
    This wretched Age should life desire so fain,  
And knows full well life doth but length his pain.

Crookbacked he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed,  
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four,  
With old lame bones that rattled by his side,  
His scalp all pilled, and he with eld forlore:  
His withered fist still knocking at Death's door,  
    Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath,  
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed,  
Sore sick in bed, her color all foregone,  
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,  
Ne could she brook no meat, but broths aloner  
Her breath corrupt, her keepers every one  
    Abhorring her, her sickness past recure,  
Detesting physick, and all physick's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see,  
We turned our look, and, on the other side,  
A grisly shape of Famine might we see,  
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried  
And roared for meat, as she should there have died,  
    Her body thin, and bare as any bone,  
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawn on every where,  
All full of holes, that I ne might refrain  
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,  
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain:  
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain  
Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade,  
Than any substance of a creature made.

Great was her force, whom stone wall could not stay,  
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw:  
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay  
Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,  
But eats herself as she that hath no law:  
Gnawing, alas, her carcass all in vain,  
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,  
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,  
Lo, suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise,  
As made hell gates to shiver with the might:  
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light  
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death  
Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath.

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,  
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,  
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,  
Against whose force in vain it is to fight,  
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,  
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,  
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power.

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,  
 And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)  
 With great triumph effoons the same he shook,  
 That most of all my fears affrayed me:  
 His body dight with naught but bones, pardé,  
     The naked shape of man there saw I plain,  
     All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,  
 With visage grim, stern looks, and blackly hued;  
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,  
 That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;  
 And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)  
     Famine and fire he held, and therewithal  
     He razed towns, and threw down towers and all.

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered  
 In honor, glory, and rule, above the best)  
 He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,  
 Consumed, destroyed, wasted and never ceast,  
 Till he their wealth, their name, and all opprest:  
     His face forehewed with wounds, and by his side  
     There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there, we found  
 Deadly Debate, all full of snaky hair,  
 That with a bloody fillet was ybound,  
 Out breathing nought but discord every where:  
 And round about were portrayed, here and there,  
     The hugie hosts, Darius and his power,  
     His kings, princes, his peers, and all his flower.



Whom great Macedo vanquished there in sight,  
With deep slaughter, despoiling all his pride,  
Pierced through his realms, and daunted all his might:  
Duke Hannibal beheld I there beside,  
In Canna's field, victor how he did ride,  
And woful Romans that in vain withstood,  
And consul Paulus covered all in blood.

Yet saw I more the sight at Thrasimene,  
And Treby field, and eke when Hannibal  
And worthy Scipio last in arms were seen  
Before Carthago gate, to try for all  
The world's empire, to whom it should befall:  
There saw I Pompey, and Cæsar clad in arms,  
Their hosts allied and all their civil arms:

With conquerors' hands, forebathed in their own blood,  
And Cæsar weeping over Pompey's head;  
Yet saw I Sylla and Marius where they stood,  
Their great cruelty, and the deep bloodshed  
Of friends: Cyrus I saw and his host dead,  
And how the queen with great despite hath flung  
His head in blood of them she overcome.

Xerxes, the Persian king, yet saw I there,  
With his huge host, that drank the rivers dry,  
Dismounted hills, and made the vales uprear,  
His host and all yet saw I slain, pardé:  
Thebes I saw, all razed how it did lie  
In heaps of stones, and Tyrus put to spoil,  
With walls and towers flat-evened with the soil.

But Troy, alas, methought, above them all,  
It made mine eyes in very tears consume:  
When I beheld the woful word befall,  
That by the wrathful will of gods was come;  
And Jove's unmoved sentence and foredoom  
On Priam king, and on his town so bent,  
I could not lin, but I must there lament.

And that the more sith Destiny was so stern  
As, force perforce, there might no force avail,  
But she must fall: and, by her fall, we learn,  
That cities, towers, wealth, world, and all shall quail:  
No manhood, might, nor nothing might prevail,  
All were there prest full many a prince, and peer,  
And many a knight that sold his death full dear.

Not worthy Hector, worthiest of them all,  
Her hope, her joy, his force is now for nought:  
O Troy, Troy, Troy, there is no boot but bale,  
The hugie horse within thy walls is brought:  
Thy turrets fall, thy knights, that whilom fought  
In arms amid the field, are slain in bed,  
Thy gods defiled, and all thy honor dead.

The flames upspring, and cruelly they creep  
From wall to roof, till all to cinders waste,  
Some fire the houses where the wretches sleep,  
Some rush in here, some run in there as fast;  
In every where or sword, or fire, they taste:  
The walls are torn, the towers whirled to the ground,  
There is no mischief, but may there be found.

Cassandra yet there saw I how they hailed  
 From Pallas' house, with sprinkled tress undone,  
 Her wrists fast bound, and with Greeks' rout encased;  
 And Priam eke, in vain how he did run  
 To arms, whom Pyrrhus with despite hath done  
     To cruel death, and bathed him in the baign  
     Of his son's blood, before the altar slain.

But how can I describe the doleful sight,  
 That in the shield so livelike fair did shine?  
 Sith in this world, I think was never wight  
 Could have set forth the half, not half so fine:  
 I can no more, but tell how there is seen  
     Fair Hium fall in burning red gledes down,  
     And, from the soil, great Troy, Neptunus' town.

Herefrom when scarce I could mine eyes withdraw  
 That filled with tears as doth the springing well,  
 We passed on so far forth till we saw  
 Rude Acheron, a loathsome lake to tell,  
 That boils and bubs up sweth as black as hell,  
     Where grisly Charon, at their fixed tide,  
     Still ferries ghosts unto the fader side.

The aged god no sooner Sorrow spied,  
 But, hasting straight unto the bank space,  
 With hollow call unto the rout he cried,  
 To swerve apart, and give the goddess place:  
 Straight it was done, when to the shore we pace,  
     Where, hand in hand as we then linked fast,  
     Within the boat we are together placed.

And forth we launch full fraughted to the brink,  
 When, with the unwonted weight, the rusty keel  
 Began to crack as if the same should sink,  
 We hoise up mast and sail, that in a while  
 We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while  
     For to arrive, but that we heard anon  
 A three-sound bark confounded all in one.

We had not long forth past, but that we saw  
 Black Cerberus, the hideous hound of hell,  
 With bristles reared, and with a three-mouthed jaw,  
 Fore-dinning the air with his horrible yell,  
 Out of the deep dark cave where he did dwell,  
     The goddess straight he knew, and by and by,  
 He peased and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence came we to the horror and the hell,  
 The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign  
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell;  
 The wide waste places, and the huge plain;  
 The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain;  
 The sighs, the soba, the deep and deadly groan,  
 Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwee,  
 With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed:  
 Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,  
 That slew themselves when nothing else availed:  
 A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed  
     With sighs, and tears, soba, shrieks, and all yfear,  
 That, oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

We staid us straight, and with a rueful fear,  
 Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes  
 The vapoured tears down stilled here and there,  
 And Sorrow eke, in far more woful wise,  
 Took on with plaint, upheaving to the skies  
     Her wretched hands, that, with her cry, the rout  
     Gan all in heaps to swamp us round about.

"Lo here," quoth Sorrow, "princes of renown,  
 That whilom sat on top of fortune's wheel,  
 Now laid full low, like wretches whirled down,  
 Even with one frown, that staid but with a smile,  
 And now behold the thing that thou, erewhile,  
     Saw only in thought; and, what thou now shalt hear,  
     Recount the same to kesar, king, and peer."

Then first came Henry duke of Buckingham,  
 His cloak of black all pilled, and quite foreworn,  
 Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,  
 Which of a duke hath made him now her scorn:  
 With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,  
     Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,  
     With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat,  
 His hair all torn, about the place it lay,  
 My heart so molt to see his grief so great,  
 As feelingly methought, it dropt away:  
 His eyes they whirled about withouten stay,  
     With stormy sighs the place did so complain,  
     As if his heart at each had burst in twain.



Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,  
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice,  
At each of which he shrieked so withal,  
As though the heavens rived with the noise:  
Till at the last, recovering his voice,  
    Supping the tears that all his breast berained,  
On cruel fortune, weeping, thus he plained.

**THE**  
**COMPLAINT**

**OF**

**HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

---

WHO trusts too much in honor's highest throne,  
And warely watch not sly dame Fortune's snares:  
Or who in coust will bear the sway alone,  
And wisely weigh not how to wield the care,  
Behold he me, and by my death beware :  
Whom flattering Fortune falsely so beguiled,  
That, lo, she slew, where erst full smooth she smiled.

And, Sackville, sith in purpose now thou hast  
The woful fall of princes to describe,  
Whom Fortune both uplift, and 'gain down cast,  
To show thereby the unsurety in this life,  
Mark well my fall, which I shall show belive,  
And paint it forth, that all estates may know:  
Have they the warning, and be mine the woe.

For noble blood made me both prince and peer,  
 Yea peerless too, had reason purchased place,  
 And God with gifts endowed me largely here:  
 But what avails his gifts where fails his grace?  
 My mother's sire sprung of a kingly race,  
     And called was Edmund duke of Somerset,  
     Bereft of life ere time by nature set.

Whose faithful heart to Henry sixth so wrought,  
 That never he him in weal, or woe, forsook,  
 Till lastly he at Tewksbury field was caught,  
 Where with an axe his violent death he took:  
 He never could king Edward's party brook,  
     Till by his death he vouched that quarrel good,  
     In which his sire and grandsire spilt their blood.

And such was erst my father's cruel chance,  
 Of Stafford earl, by name that Humfrey hight,  
 Who ever prest did Henry's part advance,  
 And never ceased, till at St. Albans' fight  
 He lost his life, as then did many a knight:  
     Where eke my grandsire, duke of Buckingham,  
     Was wounded sore, and hardly escaped untaken.

But what may boot to stay the sisters three,  
 When Atropos perforce will cut the thread?  
 The doleful day was come, when you might see  
 Northampton field with armed men overspread,  
 Where fate would algates have my grandsire dead:  
     So, rushing forth amidst the fiercest fight,  
     He lived and died there in his master's right.

In place of whom, as it befel my lot,  
Like on a stage, so stepped I in straightway,  
Enjoying there, but woefully, God wot,  
As he that had a slender part to play:  
To teach thereby, in earth no state may stay,  
But as our parts abridge, or length our age,  
So pass we all, while others fill the stage.

For of myself the dreary fate to plain,  
I was sometime a prince withouten peer,  
When Edward fifth began his rueful reign,  
Ah me, then I began that hateful year  
To compass that which I have bought so dear:  
I bare the swing, I and that wretched wight  
The duke of Gloucester, that Richard hight.

For when the fates had reft that royal prince  
Edward the fourth, chief mirror of that name,  
The duke and I, fast joined ever since  
In faithful love, our secret drifts to frame,  
What he thought best, to me so seemed the same,  
Myself not bent so much for to aspire,  
As to fulfil that greedy duke's desire;

Whose restless mind, sore thirsting after rule,  
When that he saw his nephews both to ben  
Through tender years as yet unfit to rule,  
And rather ruled by their mother's kin,  
There sought he first his mischief to begin,  
To pluck from them their mother's friends assigned,  
For well he wist they would withstand his mind.

To follow which he ran so headlong swift,  
With eager thirst of his desired draught,  
To seek their deaths that sought to dash his drift,  
Of whom the chief the queen's allies he thought,  
That bent thereto with mounts of mischief fraught,  
He knew their lives would be so sore his let,  
That in their deaths his only help he set.

And I, most cursed caitif that I was,  
Seeing the state unsteadfast how it stood,  
His chief complice to bring the same to pass,  
Unhappy wretch, consented to their blood:  
Ye kings and peers that swim in worldly good,  
In seeking blood the end advert you plain,  
And see if blood aye ask not blood again.

Consider Cyrus in your cruel thought,  
A makeless prince in riches, and in might,  
And weigh in mind the bloody deeds he wrought,  
In shedding which he set his whole delight:  
But see the guerdon lotted to this wight,  
He, whose huge power no man might overthrow,  
Tomyris queen with great despite hath slow.

His head dismembered from his mangled corpse,  
Herself she cast into a vessel fraught  
With clottered blood of them that felt her force,  
And with these words a just reward she taught:  
"Drink now thy fill of thy desired draught:"  
Lo, mark the fine that did this prince befall:  
Mark not this one, but mark the end of all.



Behold Cambysea, and his fatal day,  
 Where murder's mischief, mirror like, is left,  
 While he his brother Smerdis cast to slay.  
 A dreadful thing, his wife were him bereft:  
 A sword he caught, wherewith he pierced off  
 His body gored, which he of life benooms:  
 So just is God in all his dreadful dooms.

O, bloody Brutus, rightly didst thou rue,  
 And thou, O Cassius, justly came thy fall,  
 That with the sword, wherewith thou Caesar slew,  
 Murderedst thyself, and rest thy life withal:  
 A mirror let him be unto you all  
 That murderers be, of murder to your need;  
 For murder crieth out vengeance on your seed.

Lo, Bassus, he that armed with murderer's knife,  
 And traitorous heart against his royal king,  
 With bloody hands bereft his master's life,  
 Advert the fine his foul offence did bring;  
 And loathing murder as most loathly thing,  
 Behold in him the just deserved fall  
 That ever hath, and shall betide them all.

What booteth him his false usurped reign,  
 Whereto by murder he did so ascend?  
 When, like a wretch led in an iron chain,  
 He was presented, by his chiefest friend,  
 Unto the foes of him whom he had slain:  
 That even they should venge so foul a guilt,  
 That rather sought to have his blood yankt.

Take heed ye princes and ye prelates all  
Of this outrage, which though it sleep awhile  
And not disclosed, as it doth seld befall,  
Yet God, that suffereth silence to beguile  
Such guilts, wherewith both earth and air ye file,  
At last descries them to your foul deface,  
You see the examples set before your face.

And deeply grave within your stony hearts,  
The dreary dole that mighty Macedo,  
With tears unfolded, wrapped in deadly smarts,  
When he the death of Clitus sorrowed so,  
Whom erst he murdered with the deadly blow  
Raught in his rage upon his friend so dear,  
For which behold, lo, how his pangs appear.

The lanced spear he writhes out of the wound,  
From which the purple blood spins on his face:  
His heinous guilt when he returned found,  
He throws himself upon the corpse, alas!  
And in his arms how oft doth he embrace  
His murdered friend! and kissing him, in vain  
Forth flow the floods of salt repentant rain.

His friends amazed at such a murder done,  
In fearful flocks begin to shrink away,  
And he thereat, with heaps of grief foredone,  
Hateth himself, wishing his latter day:  
Now he likewise perceived in like stay,  
As is the wild beast in the desert bred,  
Both dreading others and himself a dread.

He calls for death, and loathing longer life,  
Bent to his bane, refuseth kindly food:  
And plunged in depth of death and dolor's strife,  
Had quelled himself, had not his friends withstood:  
Lo, he that thus hath shed the guiltless blood,  
Though he were king and kesar over all,  
Yet chose he death to guerdon death withal.

This prince whose peer was never under sun,  
Whose glistening fame the earth did overglide,  
Which with his power wellnigh the world had won,  
His bloody hands himself could not abide,  
But fully bent with famine to have died,  
The worthy prince deemed in his regard,  
That death for death could be but just reward.

Yet we, that were so drowned in the depth  
Of deep desire, to drink the guiltless blood,  
Like to the wolf, with greedy looks that leapeth  
Into the snare, to feed on deadly food,  
So we delighted in the state we stood,  
Blinded so far in all our blinded train,  
That blind we saw not our destruction plain.

We spared none whose life could ought forelet  
Our wicked purpose to his pass to come:  
Four worthy knights we headed at Pomfret  
Guiltless, God wot, without law or doom:  
My heart even bleeds to tell you all and some,  
And how lord Hastings, when he feared least,  
Despiteously was murdered and oppressed.

These rocks upraught, that threatened most our wreck,  
We seemed to sail much surer in the stream:  
And Fortune faring as she were at beck  
Laid in our lap the rule of all the realm:  
The nephews straight deposed were by the same:  
And we advanced to that we bought full dear,  
He crowned king, and I his chiefest peer.

Thus having won our long desired pray,  
To make him king that he might make me chief,  
Down throw we straight his seely nephews tway,  
From princes' pomp, to woful prisoners' life:  
In hope that now stent was all further strife:  
Sith he was king, and I chief stroke did bear,  
Who joyed but we, yet who more cause to fear?

The guiltless blood which we unjustly shed,  
The royal babes divested from their throne,  
And we like traitors reigning in their stead,  
These heavy burdens pressed us upon,  
Tormenting us so by ourselves alone,  
Much like the felon that, pursued by night,  
Starts at each bush, as his foe were in sight.

Now doubting state, now dreading loss of life,  
In fear of wreck at every blast of wind,  
Now start in dreams through dread of murderer's knife,  
As though even then revengement were assigned:  
With restless thought so is the guilty mind  
Turmoiled, and never feeleth ease or stay,  
But lives in fear of that which follows aye.

Well gave that judge his doom upon the death  
Of Titus Cælius that in bed was slain :  
When every wight the cruel murder layeth  
To his two sons that in his chamber lain,  
The judge, that by the proof perceiveth plain,  
That they were found fast sleeping in their bed,  
Hath deemed them guiltless of this blood yshed.

He thought it could not be, that they which break  
The laws of God and man in such outrage,  
Could so forthwith themselves to sleep betake:  
He rather thought, the horror and the rage  
Of such an heinous guilt, could never suage,  
Nor never suffer them to sleep, or rest,  
Or dreadful breathe one breath out of their breast.

So gnaws the grief of conscience evermore,  
And in the heart it is so deep ygrave,  
That they may neither sleep nor rest therefore,  
Ne think one thought but on the dread they have:  
Still to the death foretossed with the wave  
Of restless woe, in terror and despair,  
They lead a life continually in fear.

Like to the deer that stricken with the dart,  
Withdraws himself into some secret place,  
And feeling green the wound about his heart,  
Startles with pangs till he fall on the grass,  
And, in great fear, lies gasping there a space,  
Forth braying sighs as though each pang had brought  
The present death, which he doth dread so oft.



So we, deep wounded with the bloody thought,  
And gnawing worm that grieved our conscience so,  
Never took ease, but as our heart forth brought  
The strained sighs in witness of our woe,  
Such restless cares our fault did well beknow:  
Wherewith, of our deserved fall, the fears  
In every place rang death within our ears.

And as ill grain is never well ykept,  
So fared it by us within a while:  
That which so long with such unrest we reapt,  
In dread and danger by all wit and wile,  
Lo, see the fine, when once it felt the wheel  
Of slippery Fortune, stay it might no stoun,  
The wheel whirls up, but straight it whirleth down.

For having rule and riches in our hand,  
Who durst gainsay the thing that we averred?  
Will was wisdom, our lust for law did stand,  
In sort so strange, that who was not afeard,  
When he the sound but of king Richard heard?  
So hateful waxed the hearing of his name,  
That you may deem the residue by the same.

But what availed the terror and the fear,  
Wherewith he kept his lieges under awe?  
It rather wan him hatred every where,  
And feigned faces forced by fear of law:  
That but, while Fortune doth with favor blow,  
Flatter through fear: for in their heart lurke aye  
A secret hate that hopeth for a day.

Recordeth Dionysius, the king,  
 That with his rigor so his realm oppressed,  
 As that he thought by cruel fear to bring  
 His subjects under, as him liked best:  
 But, lo, the dread wherewith himself was stressed,  
 And you shall see the fine of forced fear,  
 Most mirror-like, in this proud prince appear.

All were his head with crown of gold yspread,  
 And in his hand the royal sceptre set,  
 And he with princely purple richly clad,  
 Yet was his heart with wretched cares overfret;  
 And inwardly with deadly fear beset,  
 Of those whom he by rigor kept in awe,  
 And sore oppressed with might of tyrant's law.

Against whose fear no heaps of gold and gly,  
 No strength of guard, nor all his hired power,  
 Ne proud high towers, that preaced to the sky.  
 His cruel heart of safety could assure:  
 But dreading them whom he should deem most sure,  
 Himself his beard with burning brand would sear,  
 Of death deserved so vexed him the fear.

This might suffice to represent the fine  
 Of tyrants' force, their fears, and their unrest:  
 But hear this one, although my heart repine  
 To let the sound once sink within my breast,  
 Of fell Phœbus, that, above the rest,  
 Such loathsome cruelty on his people wrought,  
 As, oh, alas, I tremble with the thought.

Some he incased in the coats of bears,  
Among wild beasts devoured so to be:  
And some for prey unto the hunter's spears,  
Like savage beasts withouten ruth to die:  
Sometime, to increase his horrible cruelty,  
The quick with face to face engraved he,  
Each other's death that each might living see.

Lo, what more cruel horror might be found  
To purchase fear, if fear could stay his reign?  
It booteth not, it rather strake the wound  
Of fear in him, to fear the like again:  
And so he did full oft, and not in vain,  
As in his life his cares could witness well,  
But, most of all, his wretched end doth tell.

His own dear wife, whom as his life he loved,  
He durst not trust, nor proach unto her bed,  
But causing first his slave with naked sword  
To go before, himself with trembling dread  
Straight followeth fast, and whirling in his head  
His rolling eyen, he searcheth here and there  
The deep danger that he so sore did fear.

For not in vain it ran still in his breast,  
Some wretched hap should hale him to his end,  
And therefore alway by his pillow prest  
Had he a sword, and with that sword he wend  
In vain, God wot, all perils to defend:  
For, lo, his wife, foreirked of his reign,  
Sleeping in bed this cruel wretch hath slain

What should I more now seek to say in this,  
Or one jot farther linger forth my tale?  
With cruel Nero, or with Phalaris,  
Caligula, Domitian, and all  
The cruel rout? or of their wretched fall?  
I can no more, but in my name advert  
All earthly powers beware of tyrant's heart.

And as our state endured but a throw,  
So, best in us, the stay of such a state  
May best appear to hang on overthrow,  
And better teach tyrants deserved hate,  
Than any tyrant's death tofore or late:  
So cruel seemed this Richard third to me,  
That, lo, myself now loathed his cruelty.

For when, alas, I saw the tyrant king  
Content not only from his nephews twain  
To reave world's bliss, but also all world's being,  
Sans earthly guilt ycausing both be slain,  
My heart agrised that such a wretch should reign,  
Whose bloody breast so salvaged out of kind,  
That Phalaris had never so bloody a mind.

Ne could I brook him once within my breast,  
But with the thought my teeth would gnash withal:  
For though I erst were his by sworn behest,  
Yet when I saw mischief on mischief fall,  
So deep in blood, to murder prince and all,  
Ay then, thought I, alas, and wealaway,  
And to myself thus mourning would I say:

If neither love, kindred, ne knot of blood,  
His own allegiance to his prince of due,  
Nor yet the state of trust wherein he stood,  
The world's defame, nor nought could turn him true,  
Those guiltless babes, could they not make him rue?  
Nor could their youth nor innocence withal,  
Move him from reaving them their life and all?

Alas, it could not move him any jot,  
Ne make him once to rue, or wet his eye,  
Stirred him no more than that that stirreth not:  
But as the rock, or stone, that will not ply,  
So was his heart made hard with cruelty,  
To murder them: alas, I weep in thought,  
To think on that which this fell wretch hath wrought.

That now, when he had done the thing he sought,  
And, as he would, complished and compassed all,  
And saw and knew the treason he had wrought  
To God and man, to slay his prince and all,  
Then seemed he first to doubt and dread us all,  
And me in chief; whose death, all means he might,  
He sought to work by malice and by might.

Such heaps of harms up harboured in his breast,  
With envious heart my honor to deface,  
And knowing he, that I, which wotted best  
His wretched drifts, and all his cursed case,  
If ever sprang within me spark of grace,  
Must needs abhor him and his hateful race:  
Now more and more gan cast me out of grace.



Which sudden change, when I, by secret chance  
Had well perceived, by proof of envious frown,  
And saw the lot that did me to advance  
Him to a king, that sought to cast me down,  
Too late it was to linger any stoun,

Sith present choice lay cast before mine eye:  
To work his death, or, I myself to die.

And, as the knight in field among his foes,  
Beset with swords, must slay or there be slain;  
So I, alas, lapped in a thousand woes,  
Beholding death on every side so plain,  
I rather chose by some sly secret train  
To work his death, and I to live thereby,  
Than he to live, and I of force to die.

Which heavy choice so hastened me to chose,  
That I in part agrieved at his disdain,  
In part to wreak the doleful death of those  
Two tender babes, his silly nephews twain,  
By him, alas, commanded to be slain,  
With painted cheer humbly before his face,  
Straight took my leave, and rode to Brecknock-place.

And there as close and covert as I might,  
My purposed practice to his pass to bring,  
In secret drifts I lingered day and night,  
All how I might depose this cruel king,  
That seemed to all so much desired a thing,  
As, thereto trusting, I emprised the same:  
But too much trusting brought me to my bane.

For while I now had fortune at my beck,  
 Mistrusting I no earthly thing at all,  
 Unwares, alas, least looking for a check,  
 She-mated me in turning of a ball:  
 When least I feared, then nearest was my fall,  
 And when whole hosts were pressed to stroy my foen,  
 She changed her cheer, and left me post alone.

I had upraised a mighty band of men,  
 And marched forth in order of array,  
 Leading my power amid the forest Dene,  
 Against the tyrant banner to display:  
 But, lo, my soldiers cowardly shrank away:  
 For such is Fortune when she list to frown,  
 Who seems most sure, him soonest whirls she down.

O, let no prince, put trust in commonty,  
 Nor hope in faith of giddy people's mind;  
 But let all noble men take heed by me,  
 That by the proof too well the pain do find:  
 Lo, where is truth or trust? or what could bind  
 The vain people, but they will swerve and sway,  
 As chance brings change, to drive and draw that way.

Rome, thou that once advanced up so high,  
 Thy stay, patron, and flower of excellence,  
 Hast now thrown him to depth of misery,  
 Exiled him that was thy whole defence,  
 Ne countest it not an horrible offence,  
 To reaven him of honor and of fame,  
 That was it thee when thou hadst lost the same.

Behold Camillus, he that first revived  
The state of Rome, that dying he did find,  
Of his own state is now, alas, deprived,  
Banished by them whom he did thus debt-bind:  
That cruel folk, unthankful and unkind,  
Declared well their false inconstancy,  
And Fortune eke her mutability.

And thou, Scipio, a mirror mayst thou be  
To all nobles, that they learn not too late,  
How they once trust the unstable commonty;  
Thou that recuredst the torn dismembered state,  
Even when the conqueror was at the gate,  
Art now exiled, as though thou not deserved  
To rest in her, whom thou hadst so preserved.

Ingrateful Rome, hast showed thy cruelty  
On him, by whom thou livest yet in fame,  
But not thy deed, nor his desert shall die,  
But his own words shall witness aye the same:  
For, lo, his grave doth thee most justly blame,  
And with disdain in marble says to thee:  
Unkind country, my bones shalt thou not see

What more unworthy than this his exile?  
More just than this the woful plaint he wrote?  
Or who could show a plainer proof the while,  
Of most false faith, than they that thus forgot  
His great deserts, that so deserved not?  
His cinders yet, lo, doth he them deny  
That him denied amongst them for to die.

Miltiades, O happy hadst thou be,  
And well rewarded of thy countrymen,  
If in the field when thou hadst forced to fly,  
By thy prowess, three hundred thousand men,  
Content they had been to exile thee then:  
And not to cast thee in depth of prison, so  
Laden with gives, to end thy life in woe.

Alas, how hard and steely hearts had they,  
That, not contented there to have thee die,  
With fettered gives in prison where thou lay,  
Increased so far in hateful cruelty,  
That burial to thy corpse they eke deny:  
Ne will they grant the same till thy son have  
Put on thy gives, to purchase thee a grave.

Lo, Hannibal, as long as fixed fate,  
And brittle fortune had ordained so,  
Who, evermore advanced his country state  
Than thou, that livedst for her and for no mo?  
But when the stormy waves began to grow,  
Without respect of thy deserts erewhile,  
Art by thy country thrown into exile.

Unfriendly Fortune, shall I thee now blame?  
Or shall I fault the Fates that so ordained?  
Or art thou, Jove, the causer of the same?  
Or Cruelty herself, doth she constrain?  
Or on whom else, alas, shall I complain?  
O trustless world, I can accusen none,  
But fickle faith of commonty alone.

The polypus nor theameleon strange,  
That turn themselves to every hue they see,  
Are not so full of vain and fickle change,  
As is this false unsteadfast commony:  
Lo, I, alas, with mine adversity  
Have tried it true, for they are fled and gone,  
And of an host there is not left me one.

That I, alas, in this calamity  
Alone was left, and to myself might plain:  
This treason, and this wretched cowardly,  
And eke with tears beweepeen and complain:  
My hateful hap, still looking to be slain;  
Wandering in woe, and to the gods on high  
Clepeing for vengeance of this treachery.

And as the turtle that has lost her make,  
Whom griping sorrow doth so sore attaint,  
With doleful voice and sound which she doth make,  
Mourning her loss, fills all the grove with plaint:  
So I, alas, forsaken and forfaint,  
With restless foot the wood roam up and down,  
Which of my dole all shivering doth resound.

And being thus, alone, and all forsake,  
Amid the thick, forewandered in despair,  
As one dismayed, ne wist what way to take,  
Until at last gan to my mind repair,  
A man of mine, called Humfrey Banastair:  
Wherewith me feeling much recomforted,  
In hope of succour, to his house I fled.



Who being one whom erst I had upbrought  
Even from his youth, and loved and liked best,  
To gentry state advancing him from nought,  
And had in secret trust, above the rest  
Of special trust, now being thus distressed,  
Full secretly to him I me conveyed,  
Not doubting there but I should find some aid.

But out, alas, on cruel treachery,  
When that this caitif once an inkling heard,  
How that king Richard had proclaimed, that he  
Which me descried should have for his reward  
A thousand pounds, and further be preferred,  
His truth so turned to treason, all distained,  
That faith quite fled, and I by trust was trained.

For by this wretch I being straight betrayed  
To one John Mitton, sheriff of Shropshire then,  
All suddenly was taken, and conveyed  
To Salisbury, with rout of harnessed men,  
Unto king Richard there, encamped then  
Fast by the city with a mighty host:  
Withouten doom where head and life I lost."

And with these words, as if the axe even there  
Dismembered his head and corpes apart,  
Dead fell he down: and we in woful fear  
Stood mazed when he would to life revert:  
But deadly griefs still grew about his heart,  
That still he lay, sometime revived with pain,  
And with a sigh becoming dead again.

Midnight was come, and every vital thing  
With sweet sound sleep their weary limbs did rest,  
The beasts were still, the little birds that sing,  
Now sweetly slept, beside their mother's breast,  
The old and all well shrouded in their nest:  
The waters calm, the cruel seas did cease,  
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.

The golden stars were whirled amid their race,  
And on the earth did with their twinkling light,  
When each thing nestled in his resting place,  
Forgot day's pain with pleasure of the night:  
The hare had not the greedy hounds in sight,  
The fearful deer of death stood not in doubt,  
The partridge drept not of the falcon's foot.

The ugly bear now minded not the stake,  
Nor how the cruel mastiffs do him tear,  
The stag lay still unroused from the brake,  
The foamy boar feared not the hunter's spear:  
All thing was still in desert, bush, and briar:  
With quiet heart now from their travails ceased,  
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

When Buckingham, amid his plaint oppressed,  
With surging sorrows and with pinching pains  
In sort thus swooned, and with a sigh, he ceased  
To tellen forth the treachery and the trains  
Of Banastaire: which him so sore distrains,  
That from a sigh he falls into a swond,  
And from a swond lieth raging on the ground.

So twitching were the pangs that he assayed,  
And he so sore with rueful rage distraught,  
To think upon the wretch that him betrayed,  
Whom erst he made a gentleman of nought,  
That more and more agrieved with this thought,  
He storms out sighs, and with redoubled sore,  
Stroke with the furies, rageth more and more.

Whoso hath seen the bull chased with darts,  
And with deep wounds foregalled and gored so,  
Till he, oppressed with the deadly smarts,  
Fall in a rage, and run upon his foe,  
Let him, I say, behold the raging woe  
Of Buckingham, that in these gripes of grief,  
Rageth gainst him that hath betrayed his life.

With blood red eyen he stareth here and there,  
Frothing at mouth, with face as pale as clout:  
When, lo, my limbs were trembling all for fear,  
And I amazed stood still in dread and doubt,  
While I might see him throw his arms about:  
And gainst the ground himself plunge with such force,  
As if the life forthwith should leave the corpse.

With smoke of sighs sometime I might behold  
The place all dimmed, like to the morning mist;  
And straight again the tears how they down rolled  
Alongst his cheeks, as if the rivers hissed:  
Whose flowing streams ne where no sooner whist,  
But to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,  
As if the throne of mighty Jove should rent.

And I the while with spirits wellnigh bereft,  
Beheld the plight and pangs that did him strait,  
And how the blood his deadly color left,  
And straight returned with flaming red again:  
When suddenly amid his raging pain  
He gave a sigh, and with that sigh he said:  
" Oh Banastaire!" and straight again he staid.

Dead lay his corpse, as dead as any stone,  
Till swelling sighs storming within his breast,  
Upraised his head, that downward fell anon,  
With looks upcast, and sighs that never ceased:  
Forth streamed the tears, records of his unrest,  
When he with shrieks thus groveling on the ground,  
Ybrayed these words with shrill and doleful sound.

" Heaven and earth, and ye eternal lamps,  
That, in the heavens wrapt, will us to rest,  
Thou bright Phoebe, that clearest the night's damps,  
Witness the plaints that in these pangs oppressed,  
I, woful wretch, unlade out of my breast,  
And let me yield my last words, ere I part,  
You, you, I call to record of my smart.

And thou, Alecto, feed me with thy food,  
Let fall thy serpents from thy snaky hair,  
For such relief well fits me in this mood,  
To feed my plaint with horror and with fear,  
While rage afresh thy venom'd worm arraar:  
And thou Sibilla, when thou seest me faint,  
Address thyself the guide of my complaint.

And thou, O Jove, that with thy deep foredoom  
Dost rule the earth, and reign above the skies,  
That wreakest wrongs, and givest the dreadful doom  
Against the wretch that doth thy name despise,  
Receive these words, and wreak them in such wise,  
As heaven and earth may witness and behold,  
Thy heaps of wrath upon this wretch unfold.

Thou, Banastaire, gainst thee I clepe and call  
Unto the gods, that they just vengeance take  
On thee, thy blood, thy stained stock and all:  
O Jove, to thee above the rest I make  
My humble plaint, guide me, that what I speak  
May be thy will upon this wretch to fall,  
On thee, Banastaire, wretch of wretches all.

O would to God that cruel dismal day,  
That gave me light first to behold thy face,  
With foul eclipse had reft my sight away:  
The unhappy hour, the time, and eke the place,  
The sun and moon, the stars, and all that was  
In their aspects helping in ought to thee,  
The earth and air, and all, accursed be.

And thou, caitiff, that like a monster swerved  
From kind and kindness, hast thy master lorn,  
Whom neither truth, nor trust wherein thou served,  
Ne his deserts could move, nor thy faith sworn,  
How shall I curse, but wish that thou unborn  
Had been, or that the earth had rent in tway,  
And swallowed thee in cradle as thou lay.



To this did I, even from thy tender youth,  
Witsave to bring thee up? did I herefore  
Believe the oath of thy undoubted truth?  
Advance thee up, and trust thee evermore?  
By trusting thee that I should die therefore?  
O wretch, and worse than wretch, what shall I say?  
But clepe and curse gainst thee and thine for aye.

Hated be thou, disdained of every wight,  
And pointed at wherever that thou go:  
A traitorous wretch, unworthy of the light  
Be thou esteemed: and to increase thy woe,  
The sound be hateful of thy name also:  
And in this sort with shame and sharp reproach,  
Lead thou thy life, till greater grief approach.

Dole and despair, let those be thy delight,  
Wrapped in woes that cannot be unfold,  
To wail the day, and weep the weary night,  
With rainy eyes and sighs cannot be told,  
And let no wight thy woe seek to withhold:  
But count thee worthy, wretch, of sorrow's store,  
That suffering much, ought still to suffer more.

Deserve thou death, yea be thou deemed to die  
A shameful death, to end thy shameful life:  
A sight longed for, joyful to every eye,  
When thou shalt be arraigned as a thief,  
Standing at bar, and pleading for thy life,  
With trembling tongue, in dread and dolor's rage,  
Lade with white locks, and fourscore years of age.

Yet shall not death deliver thee so soon  
Out of thy woes, so happy shalt not be:  
But to the eternal Jove this is my boon,  
That thou mayest live thine eldest son to see  
Reft of his wits, and in a fowl boar's sty  
To end his days, in rage and death distressed,  
A worthy tomb where one of thine should rest.

And after this, yet pray I more, thou may  
Thy second son see drowned in a dyke,  
And in such sort to close his latter day,  
As heard or seen erst hath not been the like:  
Ystrangled in a puddle, not so deep  
As half a foot, that such hard loss of life,  
So cruelly chanced, may be thy greater grief.

And not yet shall thy huge sorrows cease,  
Jove shall not so withhold his wrath from thee,  
But that thy plagues may more and more increase,  
Thou shalt still live, that thou thyself mayest see  
Thy dear daughter stricken with leprosy:  
That she, that erst was all thy whole delight,  
Thou now mayest loath to have her come in sight.

And after that, let shame and sorrow's grief  
Feed forth thy years continually in woe,  
That thou mayest live in death, and die in life,  
And in this sort forewailed and wearied so,  
At last thy ghost to part thy body fro:  
This pray I, Jove, and with this latter breath,  
Vengeance I ask upon my cruel death."

This said, he flung his retchless arms abroad,  
 And, groveling, flat upon the ground he lay,  
 Which with his teeth he all to gnashed and gnawed.  
 Deep groans he fet, as he that would away:  
 But, lo, in vain he did the death assay:  
 Although I think was never man that knew  
 Such deadly pains, where death did not enue.

So strove he thus awhile as with the death,  
 Now pale as lead, and cold as any stone,  
 Now still as calm, now storming forth a breath,  
 Of smoky sighs, as breath and all were gone:  
 But every thing hath end: so he anon  
 Came to himself, when, with a sigh outbrayed,  
 With woful cheer, these woful words he said:—

“ Ah, where am I, what thing, or whence is this?  
 Who rest my wits? or how do I thus lie?  
 My limbs do quake, my thought agasted is,  
 Why sigh I so? or whereunto do I  
 Thus grovel on the ground?” and by and by  
 Upraised he stood, and with a sigh hath staid,  
 When to himself returned, thus he said:—

“ Sufficeth now this plaint and this regret,  
 Whereof my heart his bottom hath unfraught:  
 And of my death let peers and princes wete  
 The world's untrust, that they thereby be taught:  
 And in her wealth, sith that such change is wrought,  
 Hope not too much, but in the mids of all  
 Think on my death, and what may them befall.

So long as Fortune would permit the same,  
 I lived in rule and riches with the best:  
 And past my time in honor and in fame,  
 That of mishap no fear was in my breast:  
 But false Fortune, when I suspected least,  
     Did turn the wheel, and with a doleful fall  
     Hath me bereft of honor, life, and all.

Lo, what avails in riches, floods that flows?  
 Though she so smiled, as all the world were his,  
 Even kings and kesars, biden Fortune's throws,  
 And simple sort, must bear it as it is:  
 Take heed by me that blithed in baleful bliss,  
     My rule, my riches, royal blood and all,  
     When Fortune frowned, the feller made my fall.

For hard mishaps, that happens unto such  
 Whose wretched state erst never fell no change,  
 Agrieve them not in any part so much.  
 As their distress: to whom it is so strange  
 That all their lives, nay, passed pleasures range,  
     Their sudden woe, that aye wield wealth at will,  
     Algaes their hearts more piercingly must thrill.

For of my birth, my blood was of the best,  
 First born an earl, then duke by due descent,  
 To swing the sway in court among the rest,  
 Dame Fortune me her rule most largely lent,  
 And kind with courage so my corpse had blent,  
     That, lo, on whom but me did she most smile?  
     And whom but me, lo, did she most beguile?

Now hast thou heard the whole of my unhap,  
My chance, my change, the cause of all my care:  
In wealth and woe, how Fortune did me wrap,  
With world at will, to win me to her snare:  
Bid kings, bid kesars, bid all states beware,  
And tell them this from me that tried it true:  
Who reckless rules, right soon may hap to rue."

END OF THE LEGEND.



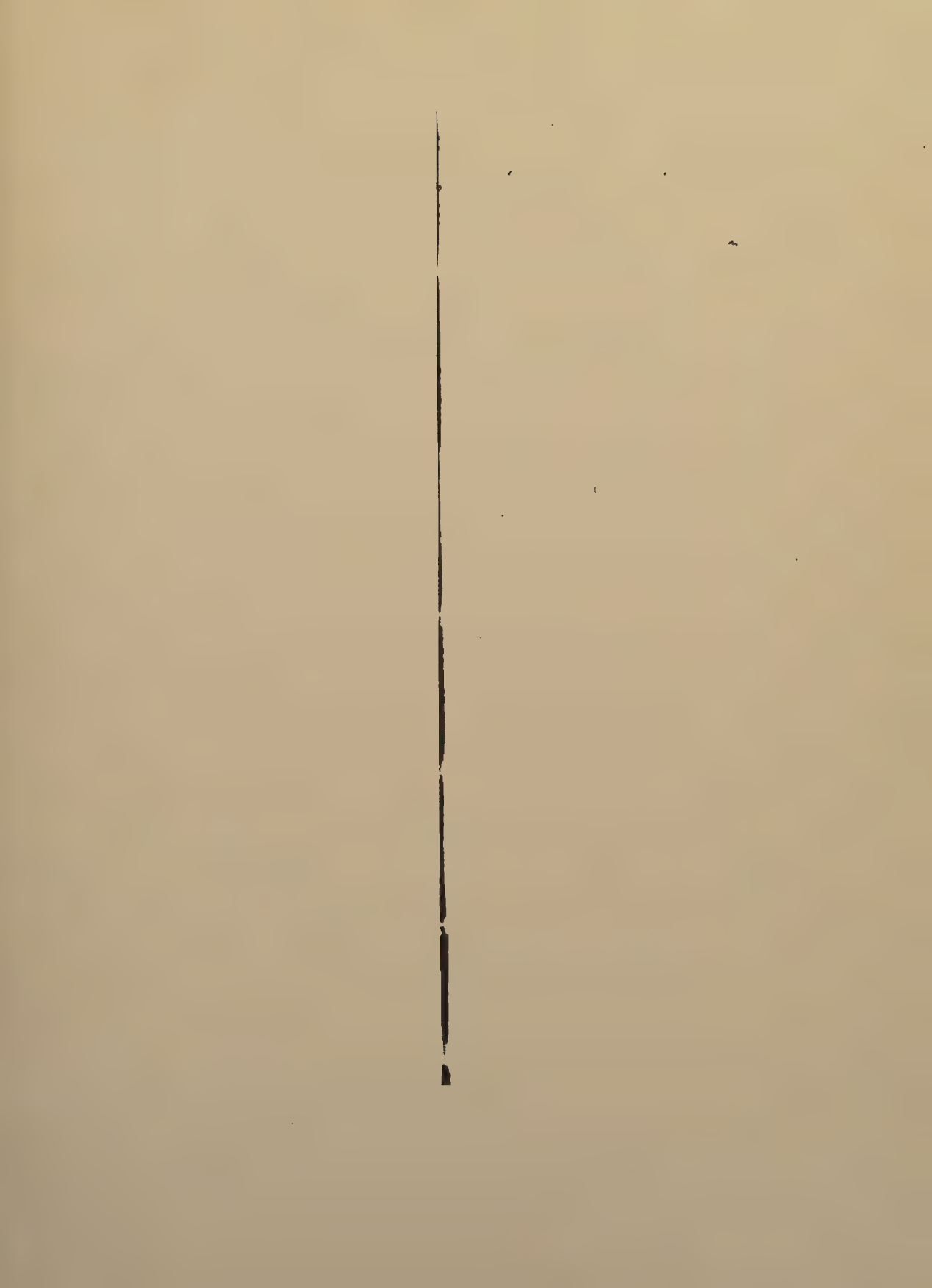
## VARIOUS READINGS.

---

<i>Page.</i>	<i>line.</i>	
117	1	hastning 1610.
	7	bloom 1587.
		This reading also occurs in some copies of the edition of 1563. Sir E. Brydges and Camp- bell prefer <i>tree</i> ; Capell, Warton, and Ha- zlewood, <i>bloom</i> .
119	6	Night's black chair 1610.
	16	bright 1610.
120	5	on her eyes 1587.
121	13	Lætheus 1563 & 1587.
122	5	gathered sprites 1587.
	6	sprites 1587.
124	18	travail end 1563.
	27	dreadful 1610.
125	5	noisome 1610.
126	20	shoulder 1587.
128	8	broken 1563.
132	26	too, supplied by Capell.
133	17	Troy, supplied by Capell.
	22	uprising 1587.
134	10	lively 1587.
138	1	to 1587.
	3	swing 1587.
140	1	to 1587.
143	16	in 1587.
145	12	passed 1587.

<i>Page.</i>	<i>line.</i>	
147.	9	out brought 1587.
	2	stained 1587.
	21	of 1587.
149	20	searched 1587.
	27	foreirking 1587.
150	19	agrieved 1610.
	21	foul 1610.
151	4	form 1587.
	12	to 1563.
	25	wretched 1587.
153	12	basely 1610.
156	13	heavens 1610.
	17	that 1587.
158	1	when 1587.
159	2	ruthful 1587.
160	1	sprites 1587.
161	1	the 1587.
	4	name 1587.
	15	the 1587.
	18	day 1587.
163	2	shall thou not 1563.
	4	may 1563.
	8	yet 1587.
	12	not half so 1587.
	14	the 1587.
165	5	whom 1587.
166	5	by all 1563.

THE END.













CPSIA information can be obtained at [www.ICGtesting.com](http://www.ICGtesting.com)  
Printed in the USA  
LVOW02s1318301113

363313LV00008B/433/P

